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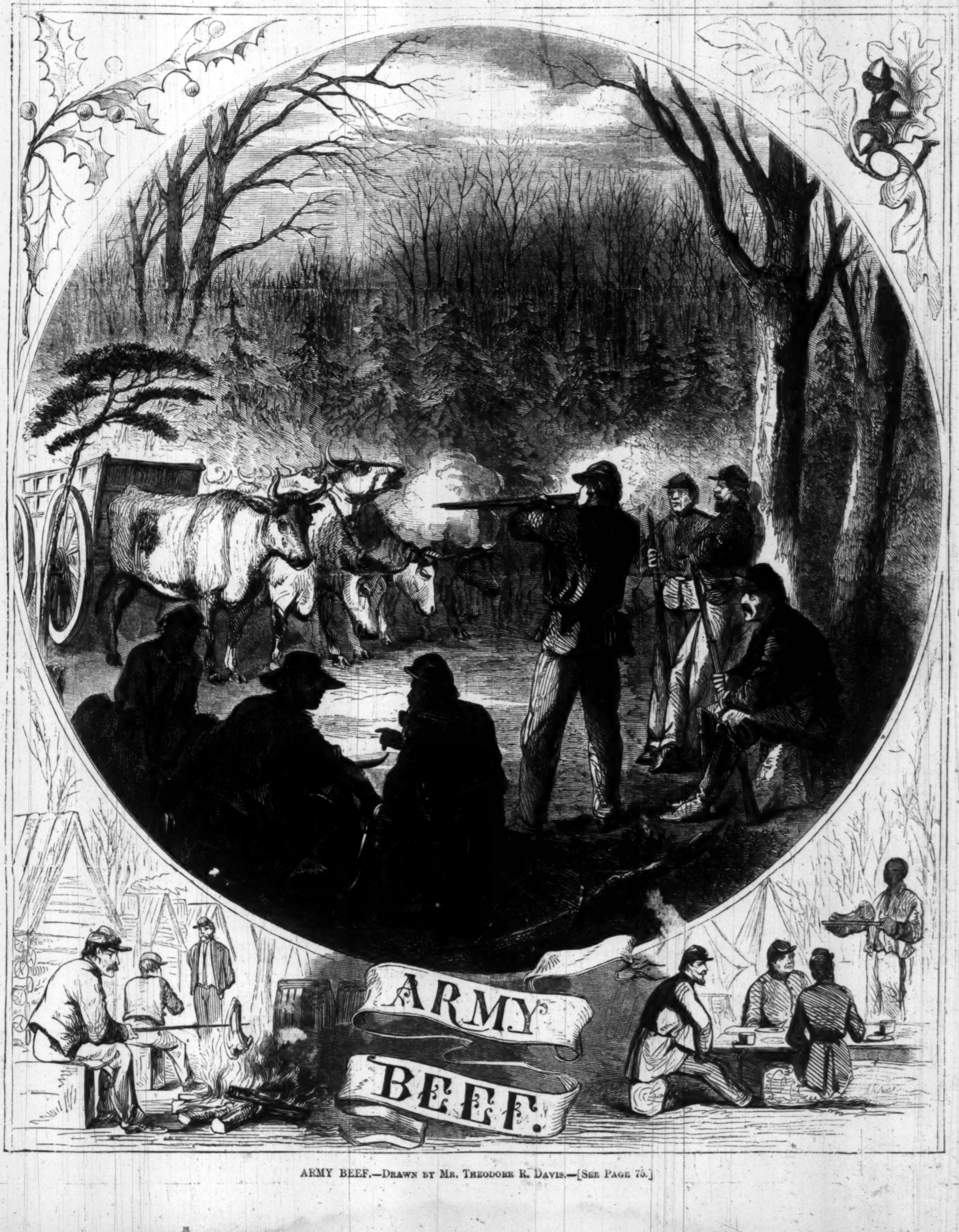


ARMY BEEF.—Drawn by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See Page 75.]

GINERAL BUTLER.

[LINES RIT TU RICHARD YEADON, A RANK, PIZEN REBBEL, WHU HES OFFERED TEN THAOUSAND DOLLARS FUR THE HED OV GINERAL BUTLER. I ONLY WISH THE AMERIKAN EGLE MAY LIVE TILL HE GITS IT!]

Yu offer us ten thaousand fur the hed ov Butler, du ye?
Wa'al, I vaow I wunder at it! But yu may jest spare yure pains.
I tell yu (ef yu know enuff tu git the idee thru yu),
Yu'd better wish, a tarnal site, fur Gineral Butler's brains!

Here's a fust-rate chance tu make a pile!—a bribe fur human natur!
Naow is the time fur Judases tu clap thare hands and larf;
Ten thaousand dollars offered fur the sarvice ov a traitor?
Why thare's menny a poor scoundrel thet wood du the work fur half!

Want the hed ov Gineral Butler! Wa'al, I never! 'tis surprisin!
Yu fellers daown in Dixie must be fallin off from grace.
Not bevin enny decent hed (that fact thare's no disguisin),
Yu want tu take yure nabor's, es ef that wood help yure case!

Ten thaousand dollars offered! Specie payment is't, I wunder?
Bein a Yankee born, yu know, p'r'aps I *am* kind o' cute.
Yure promises air fair enuff—but fokes du sumtimes blunder,
And them Confederate notes ov yourn—'tain't every wun they'd suit!

Ten thaousand dollars offered fur the hed ov Butler! Reely!
Haow long is't sense yu larfed et him, and called him "Pickayune?"
Did yu find he was tu big a coin fur yu tu hold genteely?
Or has he put yure notes ov war a leetle aout ov tune?

Yu offer us ten thaousand fur the hed ov Butler, du yu?
Wa'al, I *don't* mutch wunder at it—but yu may jest spare yure pains;
But I'll tell yu (ef yu know enuff tu git the idee thru yu),
Yu'd better (fur yu need 'em) wish fur Gineral Butler's brains!

CHARITY GRIMES.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1863.

NO SURRENDER!

THE Army of the Potomac is again in motion. In the Southwest General M'Clernand, after the brilliant operation against the Post of Arkansas—the most complete triumph won by our arms since the capture of Fort Donelson—is preparing to renew the struggle at Vicksburg. Rosecrans is in the heart of Tennessee. Banks is thundering at the gates of Port Hudson. Foster may have taken Wilmington. Every where our armies are moving; and though success has lately been unequal, there is no diminution of energy on the part of the North.

For the spirit of the North is undaunted. No one has quailed at the reverses which the Union arms have lately encountered. In Wall Street a few craven voices have been heard praying for peace. But the spirit of the country at large is as stout as ever, and the purpose of our Anglo-Saxon millions as fixed as ever upon the preservation under one Government of the entire territory of the United States.

The true reason of this stern and resolute fixity of purpose is simply the practical impossibility of negotiating a peace except upon terms which secure the restoration of the Union. No international division of the territory of the United States can by any ingenuity be devised. No line can be imagined which could be permanent, or which should secure to either section the blessings of peace and a chance of material prosperity. If to-morrow we acknowledged the independence of the rebel Confederacy, and granted them a border line, war would break out in less than twelve months. They would object to Northern travelers expressing Northern sentiments in their midst, and they would demand that we should catch and return their fugitive slaves. On the other hand, our people would be more apt to catch slave-owners than slaves; and if Northern men were molested South, an account of and reparation for the injury would be exacted. The South would attempt to discriminate against our manufactures and in favor of those of their European sympathizers, which would lead to angry and irreconcilable disputes. The freedom of the Mississippi would prove an endless source of quarrel. It might be declared free by statute of the rebel Confederacy; but any slave-driver overflowing with rage and whisky might close it at an hour's notice with a single piece of cannon, and defy the whole State of Mississippi to control him—as was the case in the spring of 1861. Passing over the impossibility of discovering a boundary which would be satisfactory to both parties, it is obvious that the successful secession of the South would be followed by further steps toward disintegration, which, in the event of the success of the slave-owners' rebellion, would be feebly resisted by the Government at Washington. The West would, in course of time, seek to establish a central empire. New England and the Middle States would agree to differ, and part company. The Pacific States would follow the fatal example. Thus, in the course of ten years, we should witness a repetition of the Central American broils in our own country: and the great republic of which we are citizens would be split up into half a dozen or more "feeble, jarring States, exhausting their strength in internecine conflicts."

Hence it is that, notwithstanding our military failures and the disasters which every now and then befall us, there is no change of sentiment among the people of the North. It was hoped and believed at Richmond that the triumphs of the Northern Democracy at the October and November elections insured the success of a party pledged to the acknowledgment of Southern independence. But in fact the representative Democrats are as stanch in their hostility to the severance of the Union as the best friends of the President. Here, in New York city, we have a few sneaks, who have wormed themselves into positions of political prominence, who have all along sympathized with the rebels, and would now grant them all they ask. But these creatures have no more power or influence than that eminent British prig, Mr. Gladstone. The heart of the Northern Democracy is sound and loyal to the core.

Again, it is because we believe that the dissolution of the Union is the greatest possible misfortune which could befall this country—a misfortune not limited in its effects to this generation alone, but transmitted with geometrically increasing intensity to our children, our children's children, and their posterity forever—that we are about to consent to an unparalleled adulteration of our national currency, which will produce in Northern society and Northern commerce changes as extensive as those which might be caused by a complete political revolution. It is now settled that there is no chance of obtaining more money on loan, and the Treasury Department is consequently preparing to flood the country with irredeemable paper. This policy will enable the Government to carry on the war to a successful issue, which is the one thing desired by loyal people. That it will produce the ruin of thousands, will defraud creditors, impoverish the rich, and press heavily on the mechanic, the working man, and the man of fixed income, create an enormous advance in all articles of necessity, and generate an era of speculation which will eventually cause most of the property of the Northern people to change hands, is too clear for argument. But if it should ruin the entire race of Northern men now alive, a wise judgment would deem the price not too dear for the preservation of the Union. For, though we be all ruined, our sons may still work their way in the world, and achieve success and prosperity; whereas the destruction of the Union would insure not only our ruin but theirs, and their children's.

No such war as ours has ever been waged since the Crusades. It is cheering, in the face of bad news, day after day, to realize that the stout, manly spirit of the Northern people has not yet shown signs of surrender, and that we are all as fixed as ever in our purpose of maintaining intact the integrity of our country, whatever may become of the renegade, degraded, and brutified people who inhabit its Southern section.

THE LOUNGER.

LIBERTY AND LICENSE.

IN his Essay upon Milton, Macaulay says what many of us may ponder with profit to-day. He is speaking of the royal Conservatives in England, who foolishly held Liberty responsible for the excesses of License:

"There is only one cure for the evils which newly-acquired freedom produces, and that cure is freedom. When a prisoner first leaves his cell he can not bear the light of day; he is unable to discriminate colors or recognize faces. But the remedy is not to remand him into his dungeon, but to accustom him to the rays of the sun. The blaze of truth and liberty may at first dazzle and bewilder nations which have become half blind in the house of bondage. But let them gaze on, and they will soon be able to bear it. In a few years men learn to reason. The extreme violence of opinion subsides. Hostile theories correct each other. The scattered elements of truth cease to contend, and begin to coalesce. And at length a system of justice and order is educed out of the chaos.

"Many politicians of our time are in the habit of laying it down as a self-evident proposition that no people ought to be free until they are fit to use their freedom. The maxim is worthy of the fool in the old story who resolved not to go into the water until he had learned to swim. If men are to wait for liberty until they become wise and good in slavery, they may wait forever.

"Therefore," he adds, "it is that we decidedly approve of the conduct of Milton, and all other wise and good men, who, in spite of much that was ridiculous and hateful in the conduct of their associates, stood firmly by the cause of Public Liberty."

REACTION.

"WHEN you spoke some time since of a reaction, dear Mr. Lounger, what did you mean?"

Simply that the purpose of the nation is relaxed. It is no longer resolved, as it was eighteen months ago, to subdue the rebellion at all costs. There is a large party at the North which hates another Northern party more than it does the rebels. A great deal of the energy and eloquence of the North is now devoted to the alienation of various sections of country among ourselves. Some have lost all hope of military success. Some are appalled by the prospect of an enormous debt and commercial distress. Some think the war the result of unlawful agitation. Some openly sigh for peace. And a very large party see in the prosecution of the war by every means the sure destruction of its own party-power, and so, under the plea that the Constitution is unconstitutionally maintained, it embarrasses in every way the action of the Government. There is a frank excuse for secession, if not its plain justification, in many mouths; there is an open repudiation of the principles of the founders of the Government; and a deliberate assent to those laid down by Alexander H. Stephens.

The cause of this reaction is found in the fact that party-spirit is stronger than patriotism. The war is a conflict of principles. It is so understood and stated at the South. It is denied at the North. Consequently the rebels are united, firm, and desperate: and we are divided, languid, or worse. The rebellion says frankly, "We repudiate the Union and Constitution because they will gradually develop the personal liberty of every man; and we don't believe in liberty." The rebellion puts at its head, therefore, the men who most truly represent that infidelity and hate. It knows its aim and strikes steadily. On the other hand, the nation, instead of saying in reply, "Of course the Union and Government will secure personal liberty, but they will achieve it peacefully and under law, and without any grievance of which you can fairly complain," falls to vituperation and crimination in its own ranks: affirms or denies the essential principle involved—and instead of meeting conviction with conviction, unity with unity, and desperation with resolution, halts, higgles, doubts, and paralyzes its own efforts.

The consequence of the reaction, if it continues, will be defeat, disgrace, national dissolution, and anarchy. There is but one road to peace, and that is the absolute suppression of the rebellion by force, and the gradual yielding of the rebel section to the conviction that the will of the nation is a stronger will than its own. Compromise and separation are equally impracticable. There may yet arise a party strong enough to insist upon trying to effect one or the other. But each must fail. The rebels honestly repudiate all reconstruction, for they are not fools. Davis and his men know where the secret of the war is. It is the old secret, despotism and liberty, privilege and right; aristocracy and democracy. The sole safety of the rebels is in secession, for our subjugation is not possible. But separation is equally impracticable, for separation is total dissolution—no line can be devised but by the vote of States; and to concede that States may stay in the Union or leave it, is to allow a principle which justifies Fernando Wood's proposition for the withdrawal of the city of New York from the State.

The reaction and the rebellion are but the Northern and Southern aspects of anarchy. One man in earnest is the match of six who are indifferent. The rebels are the man in earnest. Are we the indifferent six?

IN THE CARS.

"THERE it is, Sir," said Rusticus to Civicus in the cars, "I can not see why you make such a pother about Slavery. If we had it in this State it would be a different thing. But if you paid a minister for preaching, and liked to go to church and thought it your duty to go, how would you like to hear Sunday after Sunday about the heathen in China? Heathenism is bad, and once in a way a man may say so; but why ding, ding, ding forever about it and never go near China? I don't like slavery, and never did. I wouldn't have a slave if you would give him to me. But there's no fear of our having any slaves in Chautauque, and why should we preach and discuss all the time the sins of other people?"

But, my good friend, if you lived in China and were still a Christian, and knew that any where within the Chinese wall Heathenism was struggling hard, and even with apparent success, to get the whip-hand of Christianity—although there might be no heathen in your town, do you think it would be a question that you had no business to discuss? If you cared any thing at all for your religion, don't you think you would be a zany if you folded your arms and said, "It's none of my business. We haven't any heathen for ten miles round."

"Ah! in that case—"

Yes, but take one nearer home. Let us suppose that you drink no intoxicating liquor; that you think it wrong to make, sell, or drink it; that you believe half of the crime and poverty in the land to be caused by rum; but still that there is no grog-shop, no drunkard, and, so far as you know, no drop of liquor in your town or county.

"Well, in that case, I hope that we should reserve our censure for our own sins, and not those of the next county or the rest of the State."

Stop a moment. You live in a State of many counties. You are a voter, and you have these views of rum-selling and drinking. Now in other counties the liquor interest, we will say, is straining every nerve, spending endless money, and openly declares its intention to be to secure the entire political control of the State, so that it may repeal all license laws and submit the State to the direction of one interest, and that interest rum; and suppose that the would-be drunkards in your town and county cried Amen, and were trying to help that interest in every possible way, do you think that you would then say that you thought you had better reserve your censure, and since you were none of you drunkards, therefore you would not discuss dram-drinking?

"No, by George!"

But if you should hear any body declare that to discuss the Liquor question in your county was an impertinent meddling with the rights of other voters, would you not be tempted to ask, "Friend, how much does the Liquor interest pay you for talking in that style up here?"

"You'd better believe it! I should say to him, I am a citizen of this county, but also of the State. I don't believe in liquor; but if men have made it and bought it, and the law protects them, very well. But when they say we are going to run the State for the benefit of that interest, I say, 'Not if I can help it.' And I turn to and try to persuade every one of my neighbors to vote against it."

Well, and if the Liquor interest says that if it does not succeed it will overthrow the Government, then what?

"If my liver isn't white, that makes no difference."

Well, suppose the Liquor interest is lawfully beaten, and actually tries by force to execute its threat?

"I shall hope to be on hand."

And if it turns upon you fiercely and says that you caused the row, because you insisted upon saying that you didn't like liquor, and thereby helped influence public opinion so that the Liquor interest couldn't get votes enough to obtain lawful control of the Government, then what would you do? Tell me that.

"I should laugh out loud."

You wouldn't think the Liquor question was like that of heathenism in China?

"No, Sir."

Neither should I.

A MARYLAND "YANK."

AT the second battle of Bull Run a Maryland Union soldier lost both his eyes by a single shot. He was young, brave, devoted. When he recovered from the stunning blow he found himself lying upon the ground, and the noise of battle was dying away. Suddenly he heard a groan near him, and listened intently to the words he heard.

"Hallo!" cried he, at length.

"Hallo!" was the faint reply.

"You're a reb, a'n't you?" said the blind soldier.

"Yes; and I s'pose you're a Yank?" feebly answered the other.

"Yes, I'm a Yank. Where are you wounded?"

"My legs are broken," returned the rebel.

"Well, now, reb, if you'll lend me your eyes I'll lend you my legs. Hey?"

"I'll do it," said the cripple.

The blind man then groped his way to the rebel, and took him upon his back. The rebel guided him safely, and as they were already within the enemy's lines they reached head-quarters without difficulty. Directed to a surgeon, the two wounded men at length lay down together upon the ground. An officer, seeing the blue coat of the blind soldier, approached and said, in a brisk but not unkindly tone,

"Well, Yank?"

"Well?"

"Lost your eyes, hey?"

"Yes, I'm blind."

"Well, now, a'n't you sorry you came? Haven't you got enough of it? What did you come for?"

"To put down the rebs," stoutly answered the Marylander.

"Well, well; don't you wish you'd staid to home?"

"No, I don't," replied the youth, good-humoredly.

"Yank, if you had both your eyes, and were safe out of our lines—come, now—what do you think you would be doing?"

"Well, I reckon I should be sighting a reb," rejoined the indomitable hero; and the officer, finding that the young man was just as much in earnest as he, and understood exactly why he had come to fight, and regretted his lost sight not for himself but for his country, turned and left him, but not without a special charge to the surgeon to treat him well.

MRS. HOMESPUN UPON PLAYERS.

MRS. SARAH HOMESPUN writes to the Lounger about plays and theatres. She came to town with her daughter, and she says:

"What I want to ask you is this: We went to the theatre, at Mr. Wallack's in Broadway Street, a few nights back, and saw a very funny piece, called 'A Bachelor of Arts.' * * * Every once in a while the gentlemen actors on the stage swore horrid oaths, and when they didn't swear, they were vulgar, and said, 'the devil,' and 'devilish,' and all such mean sort of truck as that. Now, Sir, I brought my daughter Sarah up to despise such works, and I know she is as good a girl as can be; but she laughed when these things were said, though I knew she didn't think it was funny. Don't you think it shameful for actors to use such language before decent folks? * * * Mr. Lounger, if people must have theatres, and plays, and that sort of thing, what use is there to cuss and swear, and rip right out, as I tell my old man sometimes? It isn't a bit funny, and I declare I couldn't help feelin' sorry for that young woman on the stage, who was obligated to stand by and hear such pirate's talk. Do write a piece in your paper about it.

"P.S. I guess if them actors heard the comments people made about them behind their backs, they wouldn't use such vulgar talk."

Mrs. Homespun's postscript answers her note. The conduct of actors is not determined by what is said behind them, but before them. If Miss Homespun did not laugh when the actors swore, they would soon cease to be profane. The only proof players have that they are amusing is the response from the audience. If the house hissed when the stage was vulgar, it would very soon be decent. Mrs. Homespun knows probably that hot bread for breakfast is not considered wholesome food. But, upon her travels, she must have observed that every hotel table is covered in the morning with hot bread. The reason is that people like it and eat it. They ought not to like it, but landlords provide what the public approves. Actors do exactly the same thing. The reform must begin in the customers. Let Mrs. Homespun and her family hiss lustily when there is swearing or indecency upon the stage, and she will soon purify it.

ONE-IDEA MEN.

THERE is a loud outcry in certain quarters against people of one idea. We are informed that we are in prodigious danger from such people. There are plenty of us who have no ideas whatever, but we are not formidable. There are plenty more who have false and sophistical ideas, but they are honorable and innocent.

The danger, it seems, is not in having inhuman, impolitic, unjust, and extravagant ideas, if you only have enough of them. There must be enough to pass out of the singular number. But if a man has one idea, no matter how wise, how true, how elevated, and beneficent, he is a nuisance, a pest, and, in short, a man of one idea.

Let us look at this matter a little. Our own history, like that of every nation in the world, is full of one-idea men from the beginning. Washington was eminently their leader. He had one fixed, dominant idea. That idea governed his life and his thoughts. For that idea he relinquished the charms of home and risked his life and fortune. That idea he defended in debate and in the field. For the sake of that idea he was willing to see his native land desolated by war, he was willing to hazard the lives and fortunes of his neighbors. For that idea he saw trade languish and commerce expire. For that idea he endured every kind of contumely, slander, and enmity; and after working strenuously for seven years, with one idea in his soul and heart and brain, he saw it triumph in the independence of America. Had he swerved from that one idea of independence—had he yielded to the taunts and threats and sneers and arms of his opponents, he might indeed have won from shallow lips the praise of not being a man of one idea; but he would have lost from the heart of mankind, and the eternal gratitude of his country, the fame of Washington.

In this very moment of our history there are three classes of men, each of one idea. The first class believes in the maintenance of the Government by every means known to war. The second class hope solely at its destruction. The cause of the country, that is the one idea of every man who loves country more than party. The cause of the rebellion, that is the one idea of every man who hates the Union.

But there is a third class of one-idea men. It is composed of those who love party more than country, more than national union or disunion. It is the least respectable of all, and it is the one which incessantly denounces the first class as fanatics of one idea, and the second as gentlemen who have been goaded into hasty action. When a ship is in dire peril of going down there can be but three parties, and they have each one idea. The one would save her at all risks. The second would let her sink. The third is careless whether she sinks or swims.

In the peril of the ship of State every man must choose which one idea he will favor. And when he has decided, let him not be bullied by other one-idea men that he is a man of one idea.

FINE NAMES.

THE country has been recently favored with another "Conservative" demonstration. There was a Senator to be elected in Pennsylvania. The "Conservatives" had one majority upon joint ballot. There were doubts as to the result; so Mr. M'Mullen, an eminent "Conservative," who is to Philadelphia what our own Rynders is to us, headed a thousand other Conservatives of the same kind, and went to Harrisburg. That the peace of that capital was endangered, that the Legislature sat in practical duress, and that a Pennsylvania Senator was elected under the menace of a mob, no sensible man will deny. In like manner the rowdies of Tammany Hall and the Five Points prevented the organization of the New York Assembly last week.

It was a truly "Conservative" proceeding. It was strictly in accordance with "Conservative" principles. Two years ago last autumn Mr. Yancey, who was then a most distinguished "Conservative," although his views are entirely unchanged, came to New York and made a speech, and told us that if we persisted in voting as we chose, and constitutionally electing a President, he and his friends would dissolve the Union. That was "National" and "Conservative" speech-making at that time. The thing is always the same, whatever you call it. It is a principle at war with law, with order, with human rights, and with constitutional guarantees. It was so then; it is so now. And when well-meaning but deluded men observe that all disturbance of public order and outrage of law, all pandering to the basest prejudice and denial of generous principle, is made by the most unscrupulous politicians and the most disreputable men, who call themselves "Conservative," he will gradually wonder whether that word correctly describes that kind of thing and person. For some time in Paris at a certain *café* the most popular dish was hare curiously stewed. The demand was immense. Every body was eating and praising the wonderful hare. It was so exquisite, so delicate, so nutritious. Suddenly one of the patrons conceived a horrible suspicion. He inquired—he discovered—and cried out to the appalled company, "It's cat!" Hare ceased to be in demand from that day.

LITTLE PEOPLE.

WHEN paragraphs appeared in the newspapers stating that a wonderful little lady was holding court at the St. Nicholas Hotel, and that she was all that the most fastidious fancy could desire in a small woman, the thoughts of the sagacious instantly turned to the American Museum. But when a "correspondence" was published between Mr. Barnum and the prodigy, in which the latter declined his offer of ten thousand dollars a day, more or less, upon the plea that she was only waiting the completion of her wardrobe and of the setting of her precious stones before sailing for Europe to visit the "crowned heads," etc., every body knew that Mr. Barnum had secured another dwarf, and was advertising his success. Her name is Lavinia Warren. She is 21 years old, 32 inches high, and weighs 29 pounds. Unquestionably she is one of the most interesting of the many wonders of the kind which the Museum has offered to the public. General Tom Thumb and Commodore Nutt are henceforth not without hope. The poets of the press describe her faultless form, her winning voice, her sparkling dark eyes, her rich, dark, waving hair, her exquisitely modeled neck and shoulders, her bust a sculptor's study (!), and her singular intelligence. If Bottom should stray into the American Museum he would be sure that he beheld Titania. In the words of one of the enthusiasts—"What more could we desire?"

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

"How is it you never *wear* a great-coat?" said Jones to a friend. "Because I never *wag*," replied the wag.

Wetherbee, who "drives the Harleck stage," is a great wag. "There's a young woman lying in that 'ere house yender," said he to us, as we were riding on the outside with him last summer; "there's a young woman been a lyin' there near about a month, and they haven't buried her yet!" "Why not?" we innocently inquired. "'Cause she ain't dead!" quietly remarked Mr. Wetherbee, and then he tickled the ear of the nigh leader slightly with his whip.

A gentleman who is in the habit of never "going home till morning," while dining at a friend's house, ventured to suggest that he thought there was more noise made about garroting than was necessary, and addressing his conversation to the hostess, said, "No attempt has ever been made to garrote me, and I go out a great deal." "That is," replied the lady, "because you go out too late for the garroters."

It is singular how rapidly some young gentlemen from the country lose their color when visiting large cities. They go there very green, and invariably come away done very brown.

An old bachelor, who has dined out on Christmas-Day for several years, says: "If, when you visit a friend, his wife tells you, in a husky voice, to 'make yourself at home,' obey her literally as soon as possible."

"Mamma," said Harry, "how fat Amelia has grown!" "Yes," replied his mamma; "but don't say 'fat,' dear; say 'stout.'" At the dinner-table on the following day Harry was asked if he would take any fat. "No, thank you," said Harry; "I'll take some stout."

A wealthy French financier being suspected of filling his own coffers at the expense of the royal treasury, was deprived of his office and dismissed from the court. He manifested no confusion at his disgrace, and was merely heard to say, "They have acted very foolishly to dismiss me. I had provided sufficiently for myself, and was just going to exert myself for the state."

The swell of the ocean is said to be a dandy midshipman.

An elderly dandy, who was more noted for running into debt than for paying his tradesmen, made an exception in favor of his wig-maker, that he might be enabled to say that he wore his "own hair."

What is the schoolmaster's tree?—Birch.

"Say, Jack, can you tell us what's the best thing to hold two pieces of rope together?" "I guess *knot*, Jack."

For a lady to sweep her carpet with embroidered undersleeves would be considered indecently dirty; but to drag the pavement with her skirts seems to be very genteel.

What kind of a fever have those who wish to get their names in print?—Type-us fever.

At a recent conference meeting the members were asked, "How many brethren can you accommodate at your house?" One lady rose and said, "I can sleep two, but I can eat as many as you will send."

Few ladies are so modest as to be unwilling to sit in the lap of ease and luxury.

A French paper represents the Chancellor of the Exchequer as having delivered his well-known speech in Newgate instead of Newcastle.

"How often do you knead bread?" asked one housekeeper of another. "How often? Why, I might say we need it continually," the other replied.

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

Why is a bird a greedy creature?—Because it never eats less than a *peck*.

What musical instrument has had an honorary degree conferred upon it?—Fiddle D. D.

Resolve on that course of life which is most excellent, and habit will render it the most delightful.

Why is the sun like a good loaf?—Because it's light when it rises.

A man so intoxicated that he can't hold up his head is a tip-top fellow.

What is that which never asks any questions, but requires many answers?—The street door.

A promising young man may do very well, perhaps—a paying one much better.

What light could not possibly be seen in a dark room?—An Israel*ite*.

A man with a scolding wife, when inquired of respecting his occupation, said he kept a hot-house.

DO YOU GIVE IT UP?

With what two animals do you always go to bed?
Two calves.

Why is the cook at the Palace like a man sitting on the top of St. Paul's?
Because both are in a high cool and airy (culinary) situation.

My first is a ruffian that riots in blood;
My second has a rough coat, and is son of the wood;
My whole is a phantom that scares you by night,
When the tapers burn blue and the moon gives pale light.
Bug-bear.

What English word has all the vowels following each other?
Facetiously (a e i o u y).

What famous battle was fought in a most vulgar place?
Agincourt (a gin court).

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Wednesday, January 14, in the Senate, ex-Governor Hicks, the new Senator from Maryland, was qualified and took his seat. The Judiciary Committee reported back the House bill granting aid for the emancipation of slaves in Missouri, with an amendment. The Military Committee reported back the bill to consolidate the regiments now in the field. The Committee on the Conduct of the War were directed to inquire relative to the transportation of disloyal women to and from within the rebel lines. The consideration of the joint resolution annulling treaties and forfeiting the lands and annuities of the Sioux Indians, was postponed till the 21st inst.——In the House, a joint resolution providing for the immediate payment of the army and navy, was adopted. A resolution directing the arrest of Simon Stevens, for contempt in refusing to answer questions before the Select Committee on Government Contracts, was adopted. A bill to provide for a military and postal road between New York and Washington was referred to the Select Committee on the subject. The remainder of the session was occupied in debate on the war and national politics.

On Thursday, 15th, in the Senate, the credentials of Mr. Charles R. Buckalew, the new Senator from Pennsylvania, were presented. A resolution calling for information respecting the accident to the steamer *Ossipee* was adopted. The papers relating to the French Spoliation claims were referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs. The Finance Committee reported back the joint resolution to provide for the payment of the army and navy, and it was adopted by a vote of 38 against 2. Senator Collamer introduced a bill relative to suits for damages growing out of arbitrary arrests. The bill making appropriations for the support of the Military Academy at West Point was next considered, and, after some debate, passed, by a vote of 29 against 10.——In the House, the credentials of Mr. Jennings Piggot, of North Carolina, and the protest of Charles Henry Foster against his admission to a seat, were presented and referred to the Committee on Elections. The remainder of the session was devoted to debate, in Committee of the Whole, on the bill to provide ways and means for the support of the Government.

On Friday, 16th, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Secretary of the Interior asking for an appropriation of half a million for the Capitol extension, and two hundred thousand dollars for the new dome. The Military Committee reported back the bill to suspend the sale of land on the South Carolina and Georgia coast, with an amendment as a substitute. A resolution directing the Naval Committee to inquire into the efficiency of the construction of iron-clad vessels of war was introduced. It was stated that the whole matter had been referred to a board of competent engineers, whereupon the resolution was rejected. The bill providing pecuniary aid for emancipating the slaves in Missouri was then taken up, and Senator Henderson, of Missouri, made a speech in support of the measure. At the conclusion of his remarks the bill was laid aside. The bill providing for consolidating the regiments in the field was discussed and postponed. A resolution was adopted instructing the Committee on Territories to report whether the publication of the Message of the Governor of Utah had been suppressed; if so, what were the causes and what was the message. The bill to increase the clerical force of the Quarter-master's Department was called up, and Senator Lane reiterated his suspicions of the loyalty of General Meigs.——In the House, several private bills were considered. The bill reported last June from the Committee of the Whole on the state of the Union, with amendments, authorizing the enlargement of the Mississippi and Michigan canal for the passage of gun-boats, munitions of war, etc., and also the enlargement of the Erie and Oswego canals for similar purposes, connecting Lakes Erie and Ontario with the Hudson River, was taken up, and a motion to lay on the table disagreed to by a vote of 42 against 93. The debate on the bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government was then resumed, and continued until the adjournment. Both Houses adjourned until Monday.

On Monday, 19th, in the Senate, a communication was received from the Post-Office Department, stating that the detention of the mails between New York and Washington was caused mainly by the increased travel on account of the war, but that it would be remedied. Senator M'Dougall introduced a series of resolutions declaring the attempt of the French to subjugate Mexico hostile not only to the United States but to free institutions every where; that it is the duty of the Government to require the withdrawal of the French forces; and that it is also the duty of the Government to lend such aid to Mexico as may be required to prevent the forcible interposition of European Powers in the political affairs of that republic. The resolutions were laid over till Thursday next. The debate on the bill in relation to the discharge of state prisoners was then resumed by Senators Powell and Wright. A special Message was received from the President, stating that he had approved the joint resolution authorizing the issue of an additional $100,000,000 of United States notes for the payment of soldiers and sailors, and urging upon Congress the necessity of restricting the circulation of paper currency, and the expediency of taxing the paper issues of banking institutions.——In the House, a bill appropriating $10,000,000 in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Maryland was introduced and referred to the select committee on the subject. A bill authorizing duties on importations to be paid, if desired by importers, in legal tender notes, with 33 per cent. added, was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. The Secretary of War was requested to inform the House what sums had been paid since the breaking out of the rebellion to the various railroad companies for the transportation of troops and munitions of war between Washington and New York. The credentials of John B. Rogers, claiming a seat as a representative from Tennessee, was referred to the Committee on Elections. The debate on the Finance bill was then resumed in Committee of the Whole and continued till the adjournment.

On Tuesday, 20th, in the Senate, the Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs reported a bill to pay the French spoliation claims. The bill provides that these claims are to be adjusted to an amount not exceeding five millions of dollars, and to be paid *pro rata* in United States five per cent. stock. The Naval Committee reported back the bill to authorize letters of marque and reprisal, with amendments, and notice was given that it would be called up at an early day.——In the House, the President's special Message recommending a tax on the paper issues of State banks, etc., was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means, and ordered to be printed. A resolution was adopted that the Secretary of the Navy communicate any information in his possession to show that American vessels, cleared for any foreign ports, have engaged in the coolie slave-trade, or submit such suggestions to prevent it as he may deem proper. The Judiciary Committee submitted resolutions explanatory of the Tax law, that the salaries of the President, Vice-President, and Judges of the Supreme Court and inferior courts of the United States be exempted from tax. The resolution declaring Mr. Vandever, of Iowa, not entitled to a seat in the House since he joined the army as Colonel of the Ninth Iowa regiment, in 1861, was discussed, and finally adopted by a majority vote. The question was raised that the resolution was one of expulsion, and consequently required a two-thirds vote. The Speaker overruled the point, and an appeal from the decision was made. Pending the question the House went into Committee of the Whole on the Finance bill. Mr. Spaulding, on behalf of the Committee of Ways and Means, proposed amendments to the first section, which were agreed to, viz.: To authorize the Secretary of the Treasury to borrow, from time to time, on the credit of the United States, a sum not exceeding $500,000,000 for the current fiscal year, and $600,000,000 for the next fiscal year, and to issue therefor coupon or registered bonds, payable at the pleasure of the Government after twenty years from date, and of such denominations (though not less than fifty dollars) as the Secretary may deem expedient, bearing interest at a rate not exceeding six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually in coin. Mr. Thomas offered an amendment, which was agreed to, making the coupon or registered bonds payable at the pleasure of the Government after twenty years from date in coin. Mr. Spaulding moved to strike out the restriction of the sale of bonds at not less than par, so that the Secretary may in his discretion dispose of them at any time upon the best terms he can obtain. Pending the consideration of this amendment the Committee rose and the House adjourned.

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The news received in Washington from the Army of the Potomac on 20th is said to have caused a great deal of excitement there. The character of the news has not been promulgated.

THE CAPTURE OF THE POST OF ARKANSAS.

The following has been received at the head-quarters of General Grant:

HEAD QUARTERS, ARMY OF THE MISSISSIPPI,
POST OF ARKANSAS, *Jan.* 11, 1863.

Major-General U. S. Grant, commanding the Department of the Tennessee:

GENERAL,—I have the honor to report that the forces under my command attacked the Post of Arkansas to-day at one o'clock, having stormed the enemy's works. We took a large number of prisoners, variously estimated at from seven to ten thousand, together with all his stores, animals, and munitions of war.

Rear-Admiral David D. Porter, commanding the Mississippi squadron, effectively and brilliantly co-operated in accomplishing this complete success.

JOHN A. M'CLERNAND,
Major-General Commanding.

JEFF DAVIS'S MESSAGE.

Jeff Davis has issued his annual Message to the rebel Congress. He speaks of the early determination of England, France, and other European Powers to confine themselves to recognizing the self-evident fact of the existence of a strict neutrality during the progress of the war, but draws from this the conclusion that their course of action was but an actual decision against the South, and in favor of the Union, at the same time tending to prolong hostilities. He denounces the conduct of the Union armies as atrocious and cruel.

HIS VIEWS OF THE PROCLAMATION.

In relation to President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation, he says he may well leave it to the instincts of that common humanity which a beneficent Creator has implanted in the breasts of our fellow-men of all countries to pass judgment on a measure of which several millions of human beings of an inferior race, peaceful and contented laborers in their sphere, are doomed to extermination; while, at the same time, they are encouraged to a general assassination of their masters by the insidious recommendation to abstain from violence, unless in necessary self-defense. Our own detestation of those who have attempted the most execrable massacre recorded in the history of guilty man is tinctured by a profound sentiment for the impotent rage which it discloses. As far as regards the action of this Government on such criminals as may attempt its execution, I confine myself to informing you that I shall, unless in your wisdom you deem some other course more expedient, deliver to the several State authorities all commissioned officers of the United States that may hereafter be captured by our forces in any of the States embraced in the proclamation, that they may be dealt with in accordance with the laws of those States, providing for the punishment of criminals engaged in exciting servile insurrections. In its political aspect this measure possesses great signification, and to it in this light I invite your attention. It affords to our people the complete and crowning proof of the true nature of the designs of the party which elevated to power the present occupant of the Presidential chair at Washington, and which sought to conceal its purposes by every variety of artful grace, and by the perfidious use of the most solemn and repeated pledges on every practicable occasion. He gives extracts from President Lincoln's inaugural, and comments fully upon the subsequent acts by Congress and the Administration.

NO SURRENDER.

After briefly referring to the campaigns since his last annual message, he says:

The anticipations which entered into the contest have now ripened into a conviction, which is not only shared with us by the common opinion of neutral nations, but is evidently forcing itself upon our enemies themselves. The advent of peace will be hailed with joy. Our desire for it has never been concealed. But, earnest as has been our wish for peace, and great as have been our sacrifices and sufferings during the war, the determination of this people has, with each succeeding month, become more unalterably fixed to endure any suffering, and continue any sacrifice, however prolonged, until their right to self-government, and the sovereignty and independence of these States, shall have been triumphantly vindicated and established.

THE "ALABAMA" AGAIN.

The *Alabama* is again at her work of destruction upon our merchant ships. The schooner *Union*, which arrived at Jamaica on the 8th inst., was captured by the rebel pirate, but subsequently released, as her cargo belonged to British subjects. She brought with her, however, the crew of a Boston bark—the *Parker Cook*—which had only the protection of the Stars and Stripes, and not the ensign of England, to protect her, and hence was seized and burned by the *Alabama*.

The *Vanderbilt* has arrived at Fortress Monroe after an unsuccessful cruise after the *Alabama*.

THE SKIRMISH ON THE BLACKWATER.

Major-General Dix contradicts the statements of the Richmond papers that our troops were defeated by the rebel General Roger A. Pryor on the 9th inst., at Providence Church, near Suffolk. It appears from the official report of General Peck that the enemy crossed the Blackwater in considerable force, and attempted to drive in our right wing. Infantry, cavalry, and artillery were employed by the rebels; but they were repulsed by Major Wheelan's New York mounted rifles. At dusk the enemy's advance was charged upon and driven back upon his support. So that it was a victory for our arms, instead of a defeat, as boastingly claimed by Pryor.

NO MORE OFFICERS TO BE EXCHANGED.

Orders have been issued by Jeff Davis that officers of the United States Army captured after the 12th inst. are to be handed over to the Governors of the rebel States within whose jurisdiction they are taken, to be dealt with in accordance with Jeff Davis's recent declaration that they are to be regarded as persons inciting servile insurrection under President Lincoln's emancipation proclamation. General Halleck has issued an order, which may be regarded as retaliatory, commanding that no rebel officers shall be released until further orders.

FOREIGN NEWS.

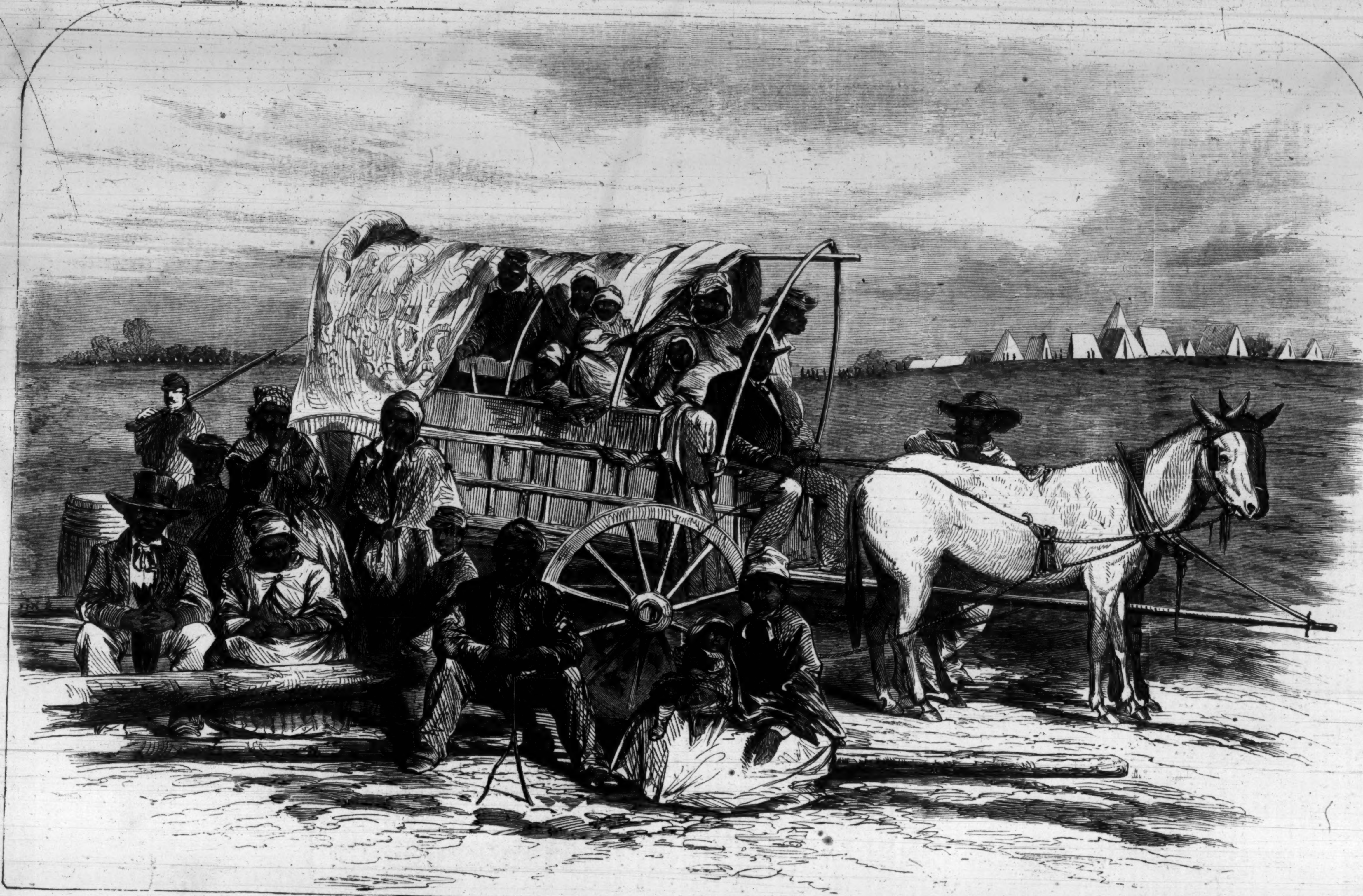
FRANCE.

THE EMPEROR ON AMERICAN AFFAIRS.

IN France the Emperor Napoleon did not allude to American affairs in his reply to the diplomatic corps during his New Year's reception. When the Emperor passed where the United States Minister (Mr. Dayton) stood, he inquired, "What news, Mr. Dayton?" and on Mr. Dayton referring to the bad news which had just been received, his Majesty replied that he regretted it, and hoped "it would be better within the year."

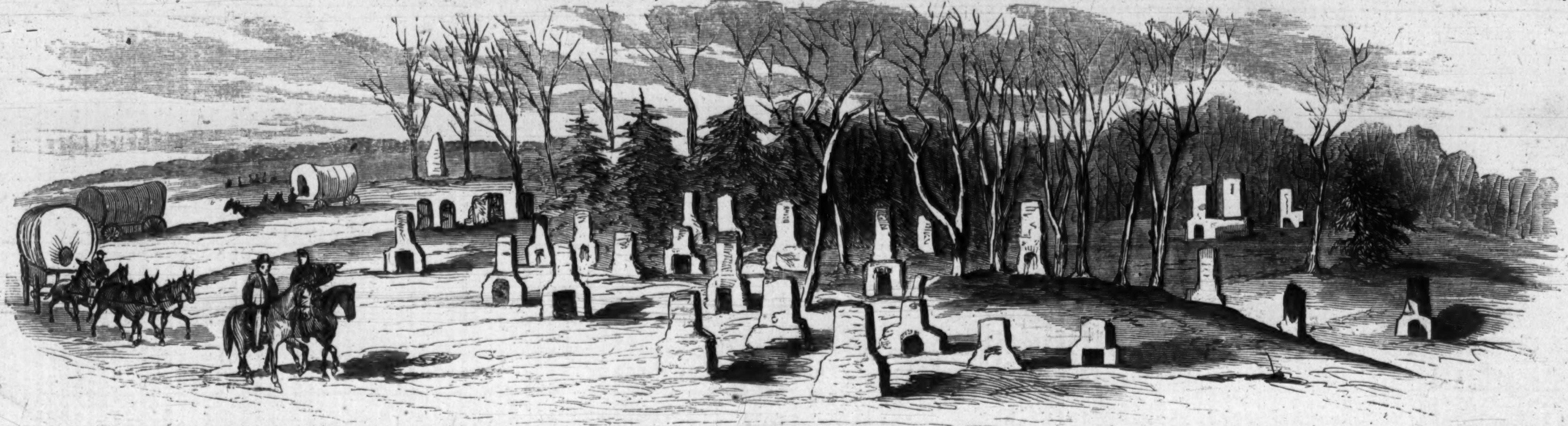
THE FRENCH TO USE NEGRO SOLDIERS.

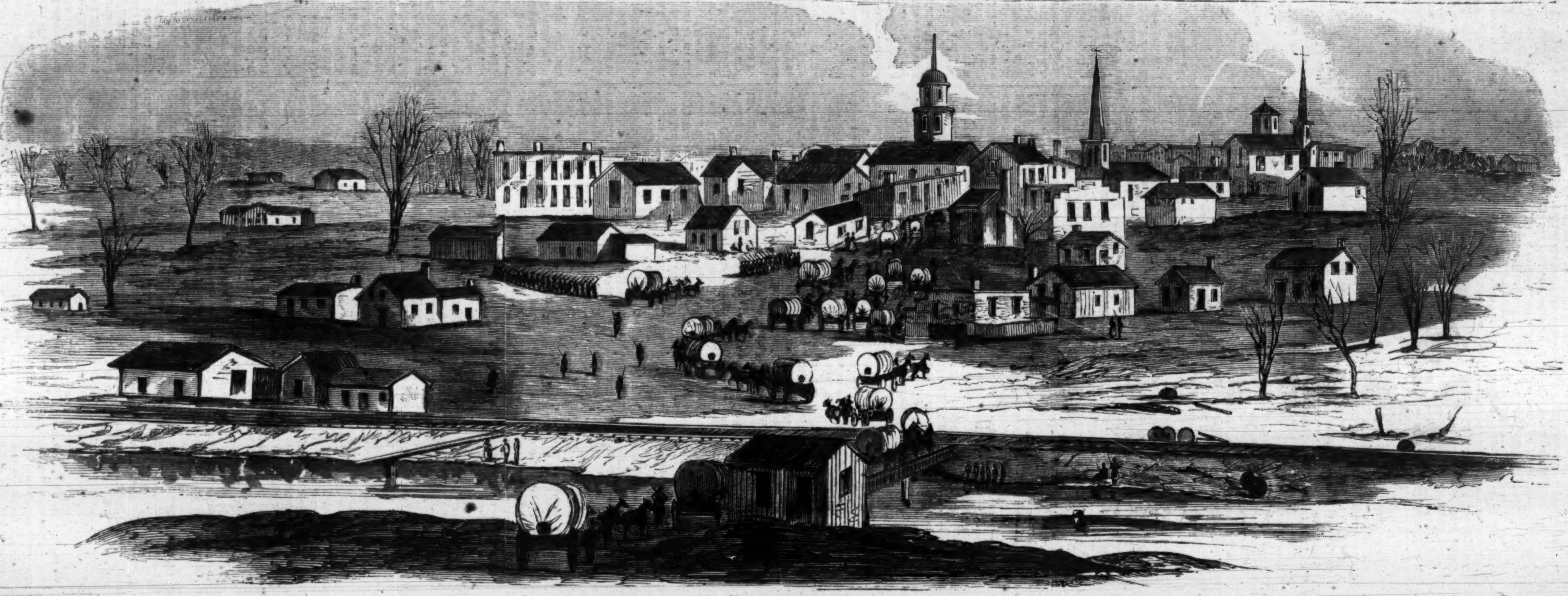
The French transport *Seine* has received instructions to go to Alexandria for a battalion of one thousand men, composed of negroes of Darfour, which Said Pacha, of Egypt, has offered the Emperor for his expedition to Mexico. They are old, well-trained troops, sufficiently brave, and not liable to be affected by hot weather or fever, which qualities will give them an immense advantage over the Mexican guerrillas.



CONTRABANDS COMING INTO CAMP IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE PROCLAMATION.—DRAWN BY MR. A. R. WAUD.—[SEE PAGE 78.]

APPEARANCE OF THE SITE OF THE DESERTED REBEL CAMPS NEAR MURFREESBORO.—Drawn by Mr. F. Beard.—[See Page 79.]





MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.—Sketched by Mr. F. Beard.—[See Page 79.]

A DARK NIGHT'S WORK.

By the Author of "Mary Barton," etc.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

CHAPTER IV.

THE summer afterward Mr. Corbet came again to read with Mr. Ness. He did not perceive any alteration in himself, and indeed his early-matured character had hardly made progress during the last twelve months, whatever intellectual acquirements he might have made. Therefore it was astonishing to him to see the alteration in Ellinor Wilkins. She had shot up from a rather puny girl to a tall, slight young lady, with promise of great beauty in the face which a year ago had only been remarkable for the fineness of the eyes. Her complexion was clear now, although colorless — twelve months ago he would have called it sallow—her delicate cheek was smooth as marble, her teeth were even and white, and her rare smiles called out a lovely dimple.

She met her former friend and lecturer with a grave shyness; for she remembered well how they had parted, and thought he could hardly have forgiven, much less forgotten, her passionate flinging away from him. But the truth was, after the first few hours of offended displeasure, he had ceased to think of it at all. She, poor child, by way of proving her repentance, had tried hard to reform her boisterous tom-boy manners, in order to show him that, although she would not give up her dear old friend Dixon at his or any one's bidding, she would strive to profit by his lectures in all things reasonable. The consequence was, that she suddenly appeared to him as an elegant, dignified young lady, instead of the rough little girl he remembered. Still, below her somewhat formal manners there lurked the old wild spirit, as he could plainly see after a little more watching; and he began to wish to call this out, and to strive, by reminding her of old days, and all her childish frolics, to flavor her subdued manners and speech with a little of the former originality.

In this he succeeded. No one, neither Mr. Wilkins, nor Miss Monro, nor Mr. Ness, saw what this young couple were about—they did not know it themselves; but before the summer was over they were desperately in love with each other, or perhaps I should rather say Ellinor was desperately in love with him, he as passionately as he could be with any one; but in him the intellect was superior in strength to either affections or passions.

The causes of the blindness of those around them were these: Mr. Wilkins still considered Ellinor as a little girl, as his own pet, his darling, but nothing more. Miss Monro was anxious about her own improvement. Mr. Ness was deep in a new edition of Horace, which he was going to bring out with notes. I believe Dixon would have been keener-sighted, but Ellinor kept Mr. Corbet and Dixon apart for obvious reasons—they were each her dear friends, but she knew that Mr. Corbet did not like Dixon, and suspected that the feeling was mutual.

The only change of circumstances between this year and the previous one consisted in this development of attachment between the young people. Otherwise every thing went on apparently as usual. With Ellinor the course of the day was something like this: Up early and into the garden until breakfast-time, when she made tea for her father and Miss Monro in the dining-room, always taking care to lay a little nosegay of freshly-gathered flowers by her father's plate. After breakfast, when the conversation had been on general and indifferent subjects, Mr. Wilkins withdrew into the little study, so often mentioned. It opened out of a passage that ran between the dining-room and the kitchen, on the left hand of the hall. Corresponding to the dining-room, on the other side of the hall, was the drawing-room, with its side-window serving as a door into a conservatory, and this again opened into the library. Old Mr. Wilkins had added a semicircular projection to the library, which was lighted by a dome above, and showed off his son's Italian purchases of sculpture. The library was by far the most striking and agreeable room in the house; and the consequence was that the drawing-room was seldom used, and had the aspect of cold discomfort common to apartments rarely occupied. Mr. Wilkins's study, on the other side of the house, was also an afterthought, built only a few years ago, and projecting from the regularity of the outside wall; a little stone passage led to it from the hall, small, narrow, and dark, and out of which no other door opened.

The study itself was a hexagon, one side-window, one fire-place, and the remaining four being occupied with doors, two of which have been already mentioned, another at the foot of the narrow winding stairs which led straight into Mr. Wilkins's bedroom over the dining-room, and the fourth opening into a path through the shrubbery to the right of the flower-garden as you looked from the house. This path led through the stable-yard, and then, by a short cut, right into Hamley, and brought you out close to Mr. Wilkins's office; it was by this way he always went to and returned from his business. He used the study for a smoking and lounging room principally, although he always spoke of it as a convenient place for holding confidential communications with such of his clients as did not like discussing their business within the possible hearing of all the clerks in his office. By the outer door he could also pass to the stables, and see that all proper care was taken at all times of his favorite and valuable horses. Into this study Ellinor would follow him of a morning, helping him on with his great-coat, mending his gloves, talking an infinite deal of merry fond nothing, and then, clinging to his arm, she would accompany him in his visits to the stables, going up to the shyest horses, and petting them, and patting them, and feeding them with bread all the time that her father held converse with Dixon. When he was finally gone—and sometimes it was a long time first—she returned to the school-room to Miss Monro, and tried to set herself hard at work at her lessons. But she had not much time for steady application. If her father had cared for her progress in any thing, she would and could have worked hard at that study or accomplishment; but Mr. Wilkins, the ease and pleasure loving man, did not wish to make himself into the pedagogue, as he would have considered it, if he had ever questioned Ellinor with a real steady purpose of ascertaining her intellectual progress. It was quite enough for him that her general intelligence and variety of desultory and miscellaneous reading made her a pleasant and agreeable companion for his hours of relaxation.

At twelve o'clock Ellinor put away her books with joyful eagerness, kissed Miss Monro, asked her if they should go a regular walk, and was always rather thankful when it was decided that it would be better to stroll in the garden—a decision very often come to, for Miss Monro hated fatigue, hated dirt, hated scrambling, and dreaded rain; all of which are evils, the chances of which are never far distant from country walks. So Ellinor danced out into the garden, worked away among her flowers, played at the old games among the roots of the trees, and when she could seduce Dixon in the flower-garden to have a little consultation as to the horses and dogs. For it was one of her father's few strict rules that Ellinor was never to go into the stable-yard unless he were with her; so these tête-à-têtes with Dixon were always held in the flower-garden, or bit of forest ground surrounding it. Miss Monro sat and basked in the sun, close to the dial, which made the centre of the gay flower-beds, upon which the dining-room and study windows looked.

At one o'clock Ellinor and Miss Monro dined. An hour was allowed for Miss Monro's digestion, which Ellinor again spent out of doors, and at three lessons began again and lasted till five. At that time they went to dress preparatory for the school-room tea at half past five. After tea Ellinor tried to prepare her lessons for the next day; but all the time she was listening for her father's footstep—the moment she heard that she dashed down her book, and flew out of the room to welcome and kiss him. Seven was his dinner hour, he hardly ever dined alone, indeed he often dined from home four days out of seven, and when he had no engagement to take him out he liked to have some one to keep him company. Mr. Ness very often, Mr. Corbet along with him if he was in Hamley, a stranger friend, or one of his clients. Sometimes, reluctantly, and when he fancied he could not avoid the attention without giving offense, Mr. Wilkins would ask Mr. Dunster, and then the two would always follow Ellinor into the library at a very early hour, as if their subjects for tête-à-tête conversation were quite exhausted. With all his other visitors Mr. Wilkins sat long—yes, and yearly longer; with Mr. Ness because they became interested in each other's conversation, with some of the others, because the wine was good, and the host hated to spare it.

Mr. Corbet used to leave his tutor and Mr. Wilkins and saunter into the library. There sat Ellinor and Miss Monro, each busy with their embroidery. He would bring a stool to Ellinor's side, question, and tease her, interest her, and they would become entirely absorbed in each other, Miss Monro's sense of propriety being entirely set at rest by the consideration that Mr. Wilkins must know what he was about in allowing a young man to become thus intimate with his daughter, who, after all, was but a child.

Mr. Corbet had lately fallen into the habit of walking up to Ford Bank for the *Times* every day, about twelve o'clock, and lounging about in the garden until one; not exactly with either Ellinor or Miss Monro, but certainly far more at the beck and call of the one than of the other.

Miss Monro used to think he would have been glad to stay and lunch at their early dinner, but she never gave the invitation, and he could not well stay without her expressed sanction. He told Ellinor all about his mother and sisters, and their ways of going on, and spoke of them and of his father as of people she was one day certain to know, and to know intimately; and she did not question or doubt this view of things, she simply acquiesced.

He had some discussion with himself as to whether he should speak to her, and so secure her promise to be his before returning to Cambridge or not. He did not like the formality of an application to Mr. Wilkins, which would, after all, have been the proper and straightforward course to pursue with a girl of her age—she was barely sixteen—not that he anticipated any difficulty on Mr. Wilkins's part, his approval of the intimacy which at their respective ages was pretty sure to lead to an attachment, was made as evident as could be by actions without words. But there would have to be reference to his own father, who had no notion of the whole affair, and would be sure to treat it as a boyish fancy; as if at twenty-one Ralph was not a man as clear and deliberative in knowing his own mind, as resolute as he ever would be in deciding upon the course of exertion that should lead him to independence and fame, if such were to be attained by clear intellect and a strong will.

No; to Mr. Wilkins he would not speak for another year or two.

But should he tell Ellinor in direct terms of his love, his intention to marry her?

Again he inclined to the more prudent course of silence. He was not afraid of any change in his own inclinations: of them he was sure. But he looked upon it in this way: If he made a regular declaration to her she would be bound to tell it to her father. He should not respect her, or like her so much if she did not. And yet this course would lead to all the conversations, and discussions, and references to his own father, which made his own direct appeal to Mr. Wilkins appear a premature step to him.

Whereas he was as sure of Ellinor's love for him as if she had uttered all the vows that women ever spoke; he knew even better than she did how fully and entirely that innocent girlish heart was his own. He was too proud to dread her inconstancy for an instant; "besides," as he went on to himself, as if to make assurance doubly sure, "whom does she see? Those stupid Holsters, who ought to be only too proud of having such a girl for their cousin, ignore her existence, and spoke slightingly of her father only the very last time I dined there. The country people in this preciously Bœotian ——shire clutch at me because my father goes up to the Plantagenets for his pedigree—not one whit for myself—and neglect Ellinor; and only condescend to her father because old Wilkins was, nobody knows—who's son. So much the worse for them, but so much the better for me in this case. I'm above their silly antiquated prejudices, and shall be only too glad when the fitting time comes to make Ellinor my wife. After all, a prosperous attorney's daughter may not be considered an unsuitable match for me—younger son as I am. Ellinor will make a glorious woman three or four years hence, just the style my father admires—such a figure, such limbs. I'll be patient and bide my time, and watch my opportunities, and all will come right."

So he bade Ellinor farewell in a most reluctant and affectionate manner, although his words might have been spoken out in Hamley market-place, and were little different from what he said to Miss Monro. Mr. Wilkins half expected a disclosure to himself of the love which he suspected in the young man; and when that did not come, he prepared himself for a confidence from Ellinor. But she had nothing to tell him, as he very well perceived from the child's open unembarrassed manner when they were left alone together after dinner. He had refused an invitation, and shaken off Mr. Ness, in order to have this confidential tête-à-tête with his motherless girl; and there was nothing to make confidence of. He was half inclined to be angry; but then he saw that, although sad, she was so much at peace with herself, and with the world, that he, always an optimist, began to think the young man had done wisely in not tearing open the rosebud of her feelings too prematurely.

The next two years passed over in much the same way—or a careless spectator might have thought so. I have heard people say, that if you look at a regiment advancing with steady step over a plain on a review-day, you can hardly tell that they are not merely marking time on one spot of ground, unless you compare their position with some other object by which to mark their progress, so even is the repetition of the movement. And thus the sad events of the future life of this father and daughter were hardly perceived in their steady advance; and yet, over the monotony and flat uniformity of their days, sorrow came marching down upon them like an armed man. Long before Mr. Wilkins had recognized its shape, it was approaching him in the distance—as, in fact, it is approaching all of us at this very time: you, reader, I, writer, have each our great sorrow bearing down upon us. He may be yet beyond the dimmest point of our horizon, but in the stillness of the night our hearts shrink at the sound of his coming footstep. Well is it for those who fall into the hands of the Lord rather than into the hands of men; but worst of all is it for him who has hereafter to mingle the gall of remorse with the cup held out to him by his doom.

Mr. Wilkins took his ease and his pleasure yet more and more every year of his life; nor did the quality of his ease and his pleasure improve; it seldom does with self-indulgent people. He cared less for any books that strained his faculties a little—less for engravings and sculpture—perhaps more for pictures. He spent extravagantly on his horses, "thought of eating and drinking." There was no open vice in all this, so that any awful temptation to crime should come down upon him, and startle him out of his mode of thinking and living; half the people about him did much the same, as far as their lives were patent to his unreflecting observation. But most of his associates had their duties to do, and did them with a heart and a will, in the hours when he was not in their company. Yes! I call them duties, though some of them might be self-imposed and purely social; they were engagements they had entered into, either tacitly or with words, and that they fulfilled. From Mr. Hetherington, the Master of the Hounds, who was up at no one knows what hour to go down to the kennel, and see that the men did their work well and thoroughly, to stern old Sir Lionel Playfair, the upright magistrate, the thoughtful, conscientious landlord—they did their work according to their lights—there were few laggards among those with whom Mr. Wilkins associated on the field or at the dinner-table. Mr. Ness—though as a clergyman he was not so active as he might have been, yet even Mr. Ness fagged away with his pupils and his new edition of the classics. Only Mr. Wilkins, dissatisfied with his position, neglected to fulfill the duties thereof. He imitated the pleasures and longed for the fancied leisure of those about him—leisure that he imagined would be so much more valuable in the hands of a man like him, full of intellectual tastes and accomplishments, than frittered away by dull boors of untraveled, uncultivated squires—whose company he never refused, be it said, by-the-way.

And yet daily Mr. Wilkins was sinking from the intellectually to the sensually self-indulgent man. He lay late in bed, and hated Mr. Dunster for his significant glance at the office-clock, when he announced to his master that such and such a client had been waiting more than an hour to keep an appointment. "Why did not you see him yourself, Dunster? I am sure you would have done quite as well as me," Mr. Wilkins sometimes replied, partly with a view of saying something pleasant to the man whom he disliked and feared. Mr. Dunster always replied, in a meek, matter-of-fact tone, "Oh, Sir, they would not like to talk over their affairs with a subordinate."

And every time he said this, or some speech of the same kind, the idea came more and more clearly into Mr. Wilkins's head of how pleasant it would be to himself to take Dunster into partnership, and thus throw all the responsibility of the real work and drudgery upon his clerk's shoulders. Importunate clients, who would make appointments at unseasonable hours and would keep to them, might confide in the partner, although they would not in the clerk. The great objections to this course were, first and foremost, Mr. Wilkins's strong dislike to Mr. Dunster—his repugnance to his company, his dress, his voice, his ways—all of which irritated his employer, till his state of feeling toward Dunster might be called antipathy; next, Mr. Wilkins was fully aware of the fact that all Mr. Dunster's actions and words were carefully and thoughtfully prearranged to further the great unspoken desire of his life—that of being made a partner, where now he was but a servant. Mr. Wilkins took a malicious pleasure in tantalizing Mr. Dunster by such speeches as the one I have just mentioned, which always seemed like an opening to the desired end, yet for a long time never led any further. Yet all the while that end was becoming more and more certain; and at last it was arrived at.

Mr. Dunster always suspected that the final push was given by some circumstance from without; some reprimand for neglect, some threat of withdrawal of business that his employer had received; but of this he could not be certain; all he knew was that Mr. Wilkins proposed the partnership to him in about as ungracious a way in which such an offer could be made; an ungraciousness which, after all, had so little effect on the real matter in hand, that Mr. Dunster could pass it over with a private sneer, while taking all possible advantage of the tangible benefit it was now in his power to accept.

Mr. Corbet's attachment to Ellinor had been formally disclosed to her just before this time. He had left college, was entered at the Middle Temple, and was fagging away at law, and feeling success in his own power; Ellinor was to "come out" at the next Hamley assemblies; and her lover began to be jealous of the possible admirers her striking appearance and piquant conversation might attract, and thought it a good time to make the success of his suit certain by spoken words and promises.

He needed not have alarmed himself even enough to make him take this step, if he had been capable of understanding Ellinor's heart as fully as he did her appearance and conversation. She never missed the omission of formal words and promises. She considered herself as fully engaged to him, as much pledged to marry him, and no one else, before he had asked the final question as afterward. She was rather surprised at the necessity for those decisive words.

"Ellinor, dearest, will you—can you marry me?" and her reply was—given with a deep blush I must record, and in a soft murmuring tone—

"Yes—oh yes—I never thought of any thing else."

"Then I may speak to your father, may not I, darling?"

"He knows; I am sure he knows; and he likes you so much. Oh, how happy I am!"

"But still I must speak to him before I go. When can I see him, my Ellinor? I must go back to town at four o'clock."

"I heard his voice in the stable-yard only just before you came. Let me go and find out if he is gone to the office yet."

No! to be sure he was not gone. He was quietly smoking a cigar in his study, sitting in an easy-chair near the open window, and leisurely glancing at all the advertisements in the *Times*. He hated going to the office more and more since Dunster had become a partner; that fellow gave himself such airs of investigation and reprehension.

He got up, took the cigar out of his mouth, and placed a chair for Mr. Corbet, knowing well why he had thus formally prefaced his entrance into the room with a—

"Can I have a few minutes' conversation with you, Mr. Wilkins?"

"Certainly, my dear fellow. Sit down. Will you have a cigar?"

"No! I never smoke." Mr. Corbet despised all these kind of indulgences, and put a little severity into his refusal, but quite unintentionally; for though he was thankful he was not as other men, he was not at all the person to trouble himself unnecessarily with their reformation.

"I want to speak to you about Ellinor. She says she thinks you must be aware of our mutual attachment."

"Well!" said Mr. Wilkins. He had resumed his cigar, partly to conceal his agitation at what he knew was coming. "I believe I have had my suspicions. It is not so very long since I was young myself." And he sighed over the recollection of Lettice, and his fresh, hopeful youth.

"And I hope, Sir, as you have been aware of it, and have never manifested any disapprobation of it, that you will not refuse your consent—a consent I now ask you for—to our marriage."

Mr. Wilkins did not speak for a little while—a touch, a thought, a word more would have brought him to tears; for at the last he found it hard to give the consent which would part him from his only child. Suddenly he got up, and putting his hand into that of the anxious lover (for his silence had rendered Mr. Corbet anxious up to a certain point of perplexity—he could not understand the implied he would and he would not), Mr. Wilkins said,

"Yes! God bless you both. I will give her to you, some day—only it must be a long time first. And now go away—go back to her—for I can't stand this much longer."

Mr. Corbet returned to Ellinor. Mr. Wilkins sat down and buried his head in his hands, then went to his stable, and had Wildfire saddled for a good gallop over the country. Mr. Dunster waited for him in vain at the office, where an obstinate old country gentleman from a distant part of the shire would ignore Dunster's existence as a partner, and pertinaciously demanded to see Mr. Wilkins on important business.

PRINCE HASSAN AND THE OGRE.

EASTER MONDAY, about seventeen thousand years ago, fell on Tuesday, the 1st of April; and on that very day the gallant young Prince Hassan, heir-apparent of All the Cashmeres, went out with hound and horn to hunt the deer. A fine buck was soon found; but as it went away twice as fast as the dogs could run after it, and the dogs ran twice as fast as the prince could gallop, and the prince galloped twice as fast as any body else, you will not be surprised to hear that, after three hours' hard riding, his royal highness found himself quite alone; and moreover, on looking round him, he perceived that he was in a place where he had never been before.

Presently, however, he espied in the hill-side the mouth of a large cavern; and as he was exhausted with heat and thirst, he determined to enter it, in hopes of finding shelter and water. To his delight there was a cool spring rising just inside; but no sooner had he knelt down and taken a draught than he heard a dreadful roar from the bottom of the cavern: and, looking up, he beheld a frightful ogre, who came up to him in two strides, and caught him by the waist between his finger and thumb. This monster's head was as big as a haystack; his mouth was like a great oven, with rows of grinders like immense quartern loaves; his eyes were like the red lamps that you see on railways; and as for his nose, it was such an object that there really is nothing in the world ugly enough for me to compare it to. Few ogres are handsome; but this one was so horrid and nasty, even for an ogre, that none of the other ogres would live with him, and no ogress would marry him; so he was forced to sulk by himself in this solitary bachelor cavern. His name was Uglymuggimo; but the prince didn't know that.

"I'll teach you to come into my house and drink my water without my leave," said the ogre, in a dreadful voice; "all's fish that comes to my net, and I shall swallow you as you would an oyster—if you had any in Cashmere."

So saying, he went to his cupboard and took out the pepper-castor and vinegar-cruet, each of which was the size of a sentry-box.

"I am sure I am very sorry to have offended you, Sir," said the prince (though the ogre held him so tight that he could hardly speak), "I meant no harm; and as for swallowing me, I really think you had better not. I don't say this on my own account; but I am certain I'm not fit to eat; you will find me very nasty, you will, indeed."

"Ho, ho," said the ogre, "so much the better! The nastier things are, the more I like them! There's nothing that I can't swallow! Why, if you could bring me any thing I couldn't swallow, I'd give you leave to cut off my head."

"Begging your honor's pardon," said the prince, "I think I have seen a great many things that a nice, clean, good-looking gentleman like you would never be able to swallow; and if you would just let me go home and look about me a bit, I feel sure I could bring you something of the sort; and then I hope your honor would not forget what you said just now."

"Very well," said the ogre, after reflecting a little, "I don't mind letting you have a trial—indeed, as I don't happen to want you just now, it will suit me very well. I will give you leave to try four times; but mind, you must give me your word of honor to come back here every day at noon; and unless you bring me something that I can't swallow, I shall swallow you yourself on the fourth day—that's all."

Now you must understand that the ogre did not say this out of any mercy for the prince; but the fact is, he liked best the things that it would make every body else sick even to look at; and he thought this would be a good opportunity for getting a choice supply of all the dainties that he was so fond of without any trouble; for he wanted some variety, and was tired of picking up dead dogs and robbing the pig-stys.

The prince gave his word to come back very gladly, for he thought he should have no difficulty in bringing the ogre something that even he would find too horrible to swallow; and so the giant let him go, and showed him a back way out of the cavern, which, to his great surprise, opened on the cliffs just above his father's palace, to which he returned before he had been missed.

You may think that the ogre was rather simple for supposing that the prince would come back again to be eaten up after he had once got away; but he knew that no prince ever broke his word, you know, seventeen thousand years ago.

No sooner had he got home than Prince Hassan set about making a pudding, which he hoped the ogre would find too much for his stomach. He took fifty adders, fifty rats, a dozen old shoes, a hundred python's eggs (addled), and two scuttlefuls of rubbish out of the dust-hole; over these he poured six bottles of blacking, tied it all up in a beggar's old shirt, and for water to boil it in desired the Grand Mistress of the Slop-pails to bring him the dirty soap-suds from all the basins in the palace. With this precious mess he knocked at the ogre's back door exactly at twelve o'clock the next day.

"Well, my young gentleman, let us see what you have got here," said the monster, taking up the pudding; "it smells rather nice." And, to the dismay of the poor prince, instead of flinging it away in disgust, he popped it into his mouth and munched it up like a penny tart.

"Ho, ho," he said, "not bad—not bad! Do you call that nasty? You must bring me something very different if you expect me not to swallow it. Ho! come again to-morrow."

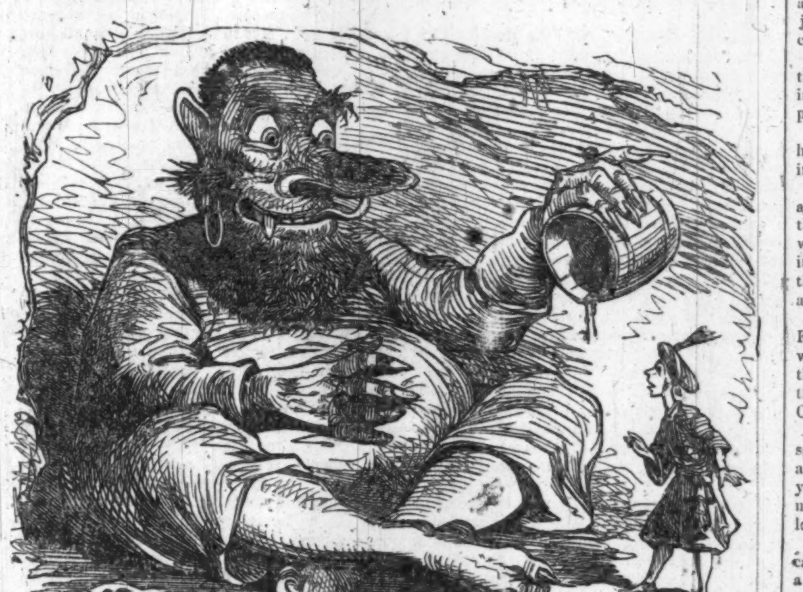
And then he took out an old pitchfork which he used as a tooth-pick, and went back to his den.

The next day the prince thought he would be very cunning, and bring the giant a meal that he did not expect. Since he seems so fond of nasty things, he said to himself, I will try if I can't puzzle him by a dish of something very nice.

So he went round to all the pastry-cooks in the town, and bought up all the twelfth-cakes, the gingerbread, apricot-jam, and barley-sugar in their shops; and again, at twelve o'clock exactly, he knocked at Uglymuggimo's door.

When the ogre saw what was brought him he fell into a furious passion.

"How dare you bring me such disgusting rubbish?" he roared out. "Is this proper food to set before a gentleman ogre? Take it away this instant; but—no! Stop! You sha'n't escape me that way. I will eat it; but if you dare to play me such a trick again, I will skin you alive and stick you in my mustard-pot. I will make you envy the very frogs and flies that you used to catch when you were at school! I will!" Then, holding his nose and shutting his eyes, he thrust all the dainties between his enormous jaws, and swallowed them down with a great gulp. "Ho, ho," he said, "you see *that* won't do either, my young friend. Come again to-morrow; and, remember, no more nonsense!"



This was a sad disappointment to Prince Hassan, and his only consolation was that the expression of the giant's face raised some hopes that he was suffering from stomach-ache.

But as he was returning home he happened to pass the chemist's shop to which, in the days of his boyhood, his mamma used to send for black doses; for she made a rule of administering one to him the first Monday in every month, according to the ancient customs of the Court of Cashmere. The sight gave him new hopes. "I am saved!" he joyfully exclaimed; and immediately sent a herald round the town with a proclamation that all the rhubarb, all the jalap, all the castor-oil, and all the senna-tea that could be found should be mixed together in a tub and brought to the palace. His orders were obeyed, and on that happy night no physic was taken in the whole city.

The next day at twelve o'clock exactly the prince again went to the ogre's back door, taking his tub with him; but this time he was full of confidence.

"I have beat him this time for certain," he said to himself; "if he were ten times an ogre he would never be able to swallow such a draught."

But, bless you! no sooner had the monster seen the horrid mixture than he tossed it off like a glass of lemonade, smacking his lips after it.

When the prince saw this he began to despair, for he felt that his last chance was gone.

"Ho, ho," said the giant, with a dreadful grin, "don't be cast down. You have one more chance, you know; try again. Why don't you bring me such a thing as a tough old woman now? Perhaps I shouldn't be able to swallow that: ho, ho! And then he laughed in such a violent and vulgar way that he shook down six large trees.

"No, no," said the prince; "I see it would be no use; you had better take me at once and have done with it; I give up; you can swallow any thing if you could swallow what I brought you just now. Besides, where should I find an old woman who would consent to take my place?"

"As for that," said the ogre, with an odious wink, "I should have thought a stout young man like you could have managed to persuade an old woman to come this way without much trouble. And as for my being able to swallow her, I don't know—I can't say—I am a little dainty sometimes—at any rate, it is worth your while to try I should think; for remember, *to-morrow is the fourth day!* Ho, ho!"

So saying he went back into his cave; and the prince heard him sharpening his knife and cleaning his frying-pan in a way that froze his marrow.

The unhappy young man now gave himself up for lost, and went home to the palace in the worst possible spirits. "I shall go a very different road this time to-morrow," thought he. However, he concealed his feelings as well as he could, not to distress his parents, for he was a dutiful son. All night he lay awake, and as soon as it was day he got up and went out to take a last walk in the country, and while away the time till the dreadful hour of noon. After walking some time he came to a wretched, tumble-down old cottage, and looking in through the window (which was broken) he saw within an equally wretched and tumble-down old woman, dressed in rags, shivering with cold and lean with hunger.

"How now, Goody?" said he, walking into her miserable room through the broken door. "You don't seem over-comfortable here."

"Comfortable?" said she, in a cracked and wheezy voice; "I haven't known what that word means for these twenty years. I am old, and poor, and sick; I have got the ague, and the rheumatics, and the toothache, and the earache, and oh, such dreadful corns! I have nobody in the world to care for me; and I heartily wish I was dead, for I don't know what good I am here."

When the prince heard the old woman talk in this way the wicked thought which the ogre had put into his head came back to him and began to tempt him. "Surely," he said to himself, "there can be no great harm in taking this poor wretched creature to the giant. Perhaps he won't like her, and then all will be well; but even if he does, of what value is her life compared with the chance of saving mine? I am young, happy, beloved; my death will plunge my parents, my family, the whole nation into grief; and then what plans I had for doing good! This old thing, if she has any right feeling, ought to be proud of such an opportunity of making herself useful. If she could do any good here it would be different; but she says herself—"

He was interrupted in these thoughts by a tapping at the broken window; and looking up he saw a pretty white bird that had flown in.

"What is this?" said he to the old woman.

"Oh," said she, "it is a pigeon that I picked up with a broken leg when it was young. I brought it home and nursed it, and now it comes to me every day for such crumbs as I can give it."

The prince's heart fairly smote him.

"I take this as a lesson," he said within himself; "I see now that every body is of some use in this world; and what right have I to take any one away from his place and determine he will not be missed! This worthy old soul has been able to do a kindness to a creature more helpless than herself: I have had my share of comforts, and now I will bear my misfortunes for myself like a man, and not steal the life from another in the hope of saving my own." "I beg your pardon, ma'am, though you don't know what for; and pray accept my purse, for which I am afraid I have not much further use."

Then the prince left the cottage; and as it was now getting near twelve o'clock, walked boldly toward the mountain. Meanwhile the ogre was expecting him very eagerly. The fact was, as perhaps you have guessed, that an old woman was a treat that he was particularly fond of; and he made sure that the prince would take the hint he had given him and provide one, to try and escape from being eaten up himself; for he was so mean and cruel an ogre that he had no idea that any body could do a generous action, or sacrifice himself rather than be unjust. He had eaten very little breakfast on purpose to have a good appetite for his luncheon; and there he sat, licking his lips and watching the path by which the prince was to come; and you may fancy his rage and disappointment when he saw him coming.

"What!" he roared out, "no old woman? I must have one! Where is she? Bring her! Quick!"

"Sir," said the prince, as bravely as he could, "I have brought you no old woman; but you see I have kept my word, and come back myself."

"You!" cried the ogre. "You, indeed! What is a poor tender young thing like you compared to a fine, tough, bony grandmother? Why haven't you brought me one, you villain? What have you been about? Are you such a goose that you couldn't find one ever since yesterday?"

"No," said the prince. "I did find one; but I didn't choose to bring her." And then he told the ogre all he had seen at the cottage, and all he had thought, just as I have told it to you.

As he was telling his story the giant got into such a fury that he could hardly contain himself.

"What!" he bellowed out as soon as the prince had finished, "do you mean to tell me that you have been such a noodle, such a nincompoop, such a chicken-hearted baby, that when you had a chance of saving yourself at the expense of one poor old woman you wouldn't do it? Nonsense! I'll not believe it! You must tell me some more likely story, for I CAN'T SWALLOW THAT!"

No sooner had he uttered these words than there came a loud clap of thunder, and the monster turned as white as a sheet; and then there came a second clap, and the monster's knees began to tremble and his teeth to chatter in his head; and then there came a third clap, and the roof of the cavern burst open, and the Lord Chief Baron of the Fairies came sailing in, seated on his great flying inkstand, drawn by twenty-four bats with parchment wings and traces of red tape.

"You wicked and nasty ogre," said his lordship, in a stern and awful voice, "you have spoken your own sentence, and I have come to see it put in execution. You told the prince that you would give him leave to cut off your head if he could bring you any thing that you could not swallow; you have just confessed that he has, and now your hour is come!"

So saying he drew forth the great Sword of Justice, eighteen feet long, which he always carried in his waistcoat pocket, and presented it to the prince.

"Go," he said, "meritorious youth; cut the head off that vile and hateful monster, and cast it out to the kites, wolves, and foxes."

The prince took the sword with a respectful bow, and going up to the ogre, who was now rolling on the floor and blubbering like a great coward as he was, flourished the weapon thrice, and then brought it down with so fair a blow on the giant's neck that the head rolled from the shoulders; so there was an end of Uglymuggimo.

"Young man," then said the Chief Baron of the Fairies, "I am pleased with your conduct on the whole, though you allowed a base thought to get the better of you for a moment: so if there is any thing that you would like, mention it before the Court rises and I will grant it you."

"My lord," said the prince, again bowing respectfully, "I have more than I deserve already, and I wish for nothing further for myself; but if you could do any thing to make that poor old woman more comfortable who taught me so good a lesson I should be much obliged to you."

"Very well," said his lordship, "so be it; if you call upon her as you go home I think you will see a change for the better."

So the prince walked cheerfully down the hill again; but when he came to the old woman's house what do you think he saw? Instead of the wretched, tumble-down old hovel that he had left he saw the prettiest, neatest white cottage you can imagine, covered with roses and honey-suckles; and walking in he found the old lady nicely dressed, sitting in a comfortable arm-chair, and looking as snug and happy as possible.

"Well, ma'am," said he, "how do you do again? I hope you feel a little better than you did?"

"Oh, Sir!" said she, "I am sure I don't know what has come over me! All my pains are gone; the house and every thing seems grown new and fresh again; and if I only had some nice young companion to live with me and look after me a bit I should not envy the Queen of Cashmere herself."

No sooner had she said this than the door opened, and a pretty little maiden, dressed in white and walking rather lame, came in with a courtesy, and without saying a word set about getting down the cups and saucers and making the old lady some tea.

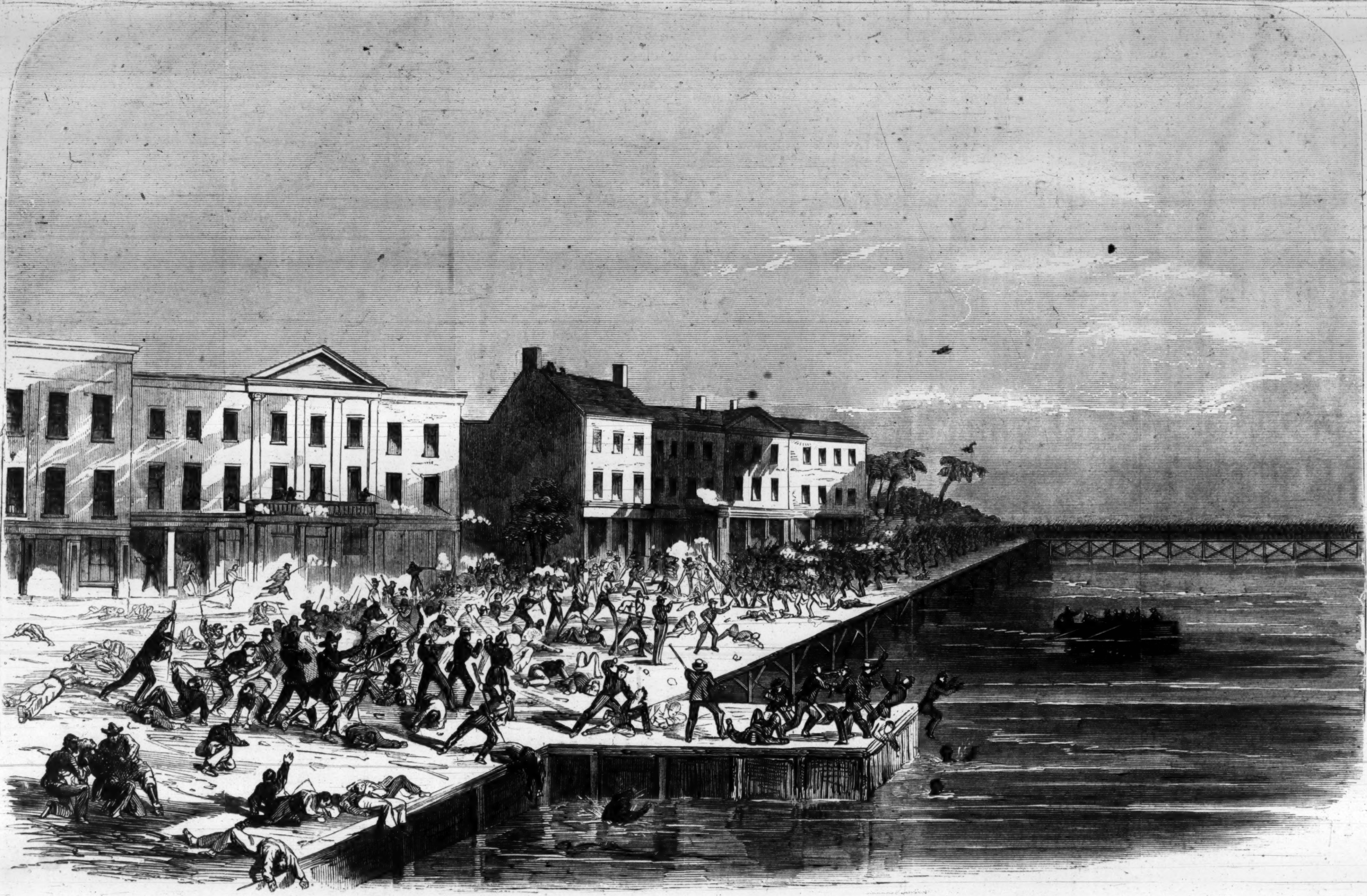
"Who and what are you, my dear?" said the dame in astonishment, "and who sent you here?"

"Please, ma'am," said the little maiden, "I am the pigeon that you were so kind to. A fine little gentleman, sitting on a flying inkstand, touched me just now with a wand, which turned me into what you see; and then he told me to come and live with you for the rest of your days; which I am sure I shall be most happy to do."

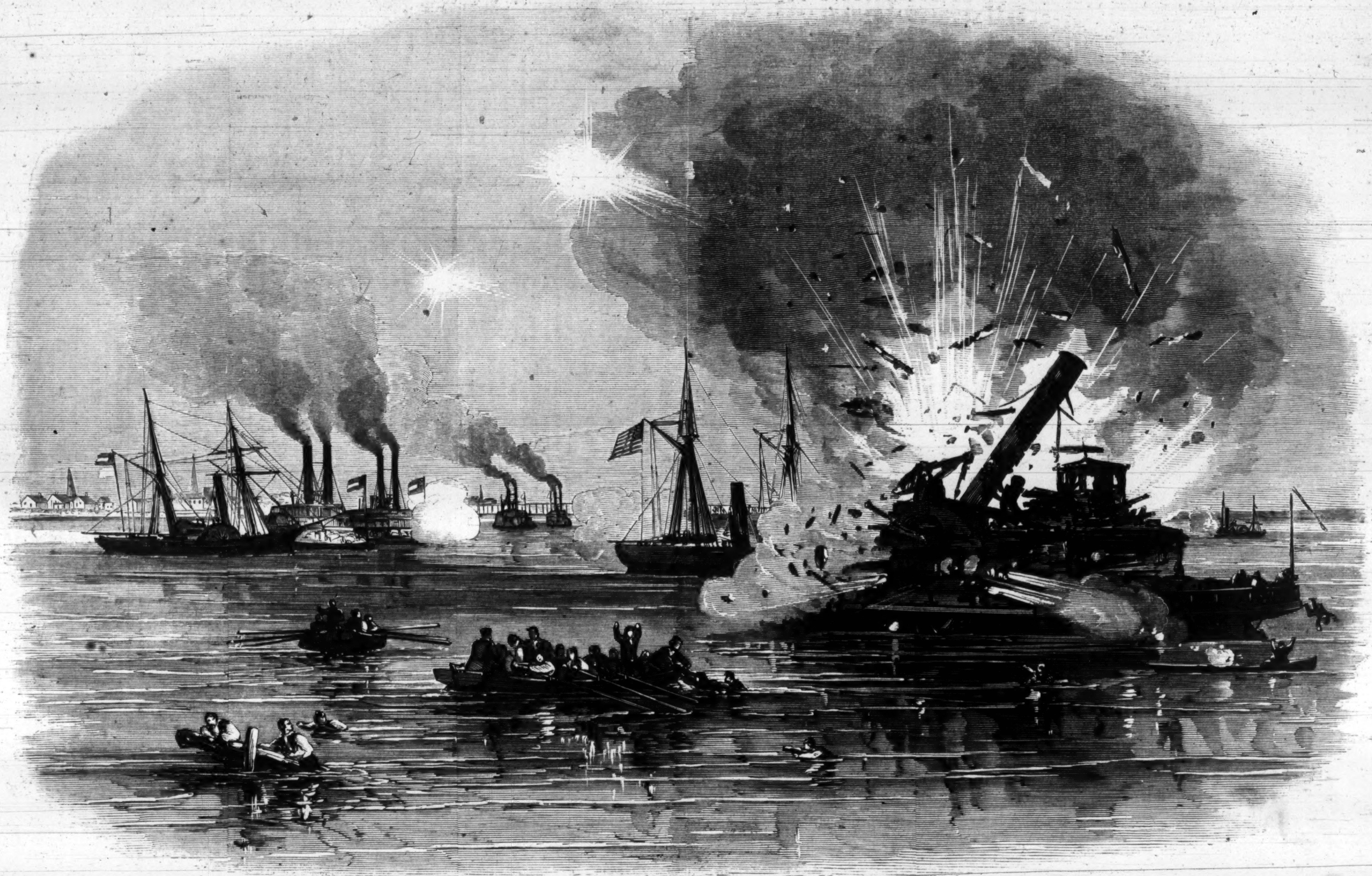
So the prince went home very well contented; but he ever afterward took care not to lose his way out hunting.

ARMY BEEF.

ON page 65 we publish a graphic illustration by Mr. Theodore R. Davis, which is appropriately entitled ARMY BEEF. The killing, cutting up, cooking, and final devouring of the ox constitute scenes of no little interest to the soldier. In an army like that of the Potomac several hundred head of cattle perish weekly. The march of the army up the Peninsula, and the various movements in Maryland and Northern Virginia, have left their mark behind them in huge piles of whitening beef-bones. The Southern soldiers are not so well provided as ours in this respect. Beef with them is a luxury; in the Army of the Potomac it has been so abundant as to be wasted.



REBEL ATTACK UPON THE FORTY-THIRD MASSACHUSETTS VOLUNTEERS AT GALVESTON, TEXAS.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 79.]


Harriet Lane.
Rebel Gun-boats.
Owasco.
Westfield being blown up.
Mary Boardman.

ATTACK OF THE REBELS UPON OUR GUN-BOAT FLOTILLA AT GALVESTON, TEXAS, JANUARY 1, 1863.—Sketched by our Special Artist.—[See Page 79.]

THE SNOW AT FREDERICKSBURG.

DRIFT over the slopes of the sunrise land,
 Oh wonderful, wonderful snow!
Oh! pure as the breast of a virgin saint,
 Drift tenderly, soft and slow!
Over the slopes of the sunrise land,
 And into the haunted dells
Of the forests of pine, where the sobbing winds
 Are tuning their memory bells!

Into the forests of sighing pines,
 And over these yellow slopes,
That seem but the work of the cleaving plow,
 But cover so many hopes!
They are many indeed, and straightly made,
 Not shapen with loving care;
But the souls let out, and the broken blades,
 May never be counted here!

Fall over those lonely hero graves,
 Oh delicate-dropping snow!
Like the blessing of God's unfaltering love
 On the warrior heads below!
Like the tender sigh of a mother's soul
 As she waiteth and watcheth for One
Who will never come back from the sunrise land
 When this terrible war is done.

And here, where lieth the high of heart,
 Drift—white as the bridal veil—
That will never be worn by the drooping girl
 Who sitteth afar, so pale.
Fall, fast as the tears of the suffering wife,
 Who stretcheth despairing hands
Out to the blood-rich battle-fields
 That crimson the Eastern sands!

Fall in thy virgin tenderness,
 Oh delicate snow, and cover
The graves of our heroes, sanctified
 Husband and son and lover!
Drift tenderly over those yellow slopes,
 And mellow our deep distress,
And put us in mind of the shriven souls
 And their mantles of righteousness!

BESSIE CROMPTON.

"I AM Miss Bessie Crompton, Pim," I said.

I spoke with the dignity of a young lady fresh from a boarding-school. I had been at the Clergy Daughters' School for four years, being educated for the express purpose of becoming a teacher; yet when my allotted term was ended, my sister Felicia, who had been a governess herself, decidedly declined the offer of the lady superintendent to find me a situation, and desired that I should return home at once. Yet though I had been absent so long, only old Pim, our servant, who had been errand-boy to my father's grammar-school longer than I could remember, met me at the station. I was almost ashamed of recognizing him as he waited at the back of the platform, in an antiquated, threadbare black suit of my father's, looking like the embodiment of decrepitude and poverty, and blinking with a bewildered, purblind gaze, at the long train and crowd of passengers, like an owl dragged out into the tormenting light of day. I approached him with sufficient stateliness and distance to convince any by-stander that he was nothing to me than a servant.

"Lord love you, Miss Bessie, it can't be you!" he exclaimed, instantly reviving from sixty to thirty years of age, "the master himself'll not know you again. If you wouldn't be above it, miss, when we're out of sight, I should like to shake hands with you for this once; if it's not too great a liberty. You gave old Pim a kiss when you went away."

"Oh, Pim! dear old Pim!" I cried, seizing his big hand, covered with a very worn pair of my father's gloves. All the dignity of the Clergy Daughters' School vanished as if it had never been, "I love you just the same, old Pim; and I'm coming to live at home again, you know, so we shall have the old times back."

Pim aged into sixty again in a moment, and shook his bended head feebly; halting and flagging as if unable to keep up with my young, impatient step, as he walked a few paces behind me. When I tried to question him about home, he replied reluctantly. Once even he produced a Jews-harp, and began to twang a doleful tune upon it, as he had been used to do when, as a child, I had asked him unanswerable questions; but, recollecting himself, he replaced it in his pocket with an humble and despondent apology, and we walked on without further conversation.

Our home was an old, rambling mansion attached to the Elizabethan Grammar School, of which my father had been master for thirty years. The endowment was fifty pounds a year, and the scholars on the foundation were only twelve in number; but under former masters the school had won something more than mere local reputation, and one after another had retired, either in possession of a comfortable competency, or with the presentation to a church-living. College Hill, where the school was situated, was one of the oldest and narrowest streets in Tamford, and no thoroughfare of business; the buildings consisting chiefly of a row of decaying houses, property in Chancery, and a large, inclosed quadrangle, entered by an arch-way opposite the school-house, and surrounded by alms-houses for twenty-five aged men. The character of the street depended altogether upon the condition of the school. No surer index was needed than its aspect at noon and evening when the scholars dispersed; if Tamford Grammar School was prospering, the walls echoed to the shrill whoop of school-boys, and the pavements rang with their clattering footsteps, followed by the wrathful maledictions of the alms-men. But not a sound was to be heard as we entered it, save the lagging step of a foundationer, who slunk close to the wall, with a sly, insolent, side-long glance at me, as we passed him. In the dark shadow of the porch, which stretched across the narrow causeway, I saw Felicia watching for me. The pale beams of the wintry sun glistened through the lattice casement of the projecting window of the study over the porch, upon my father's snow-white head, which was bowed weariedly upon his hands. Neither of them moved as I appeared, but Felicia's beautiful, sad face kindled into a sudden glow, which faded before I had run quickly across the little space between us. When I threw my arms round her neck, she bent her lofty head to mine and kissed me coldly, without a word of welcome.

We passed on into a bare and empty lobby, across which she led me to our old parlor, so often pictured and repainted by my imagination that it had become a very pleasant place; not grand or gorgeous, for Felicia had hinted gently in her letters at a blight of poverty fallen upon us, but at least a tasteful, simple, home-like sitting-room. The paper was discolored with damp, and hung in mouldy shreds from the blank walls. The long narrow casements were uncurtained, and the boarded floor had no carpet, except a dingy rug on the hearth; a square, uncovered table, where nothing was lying, stood in the centre, and four chairs only broke the straight line of the low lining of wainscot. The room was a large one, and it wore an empty, desolate, and chilling aspect.

"You shiver," said Felicia, in her soft voice, which sounded caressingly, though she spoke no words of endearment; "there is a fire in the school-room. We generally sit there now."

I had forgotten how low and dark the unlighted passages were, and how bleak-looking the white-washed walls; and, when the massive door of the school-room swung heavily from Felicia's hold, I scarcely recognized the lofty and spacious hall. It had the look of a chapel, with its decorated ceiling high above us, and the rostrum of black oak, surmounted by a sounding-board, which stood at the opposite end; the fixed desks and forms down each side; the horizontal windows with diamond lattices and stone casements far above; the memorial tablets inscribed with the titles of deceased patrons; and the doubtful shadows lurking about the farthest corners, as if it was not worth while for the darkness to leave altogether the ancient room, oppressed me with the solemn, eerie feeling of being in a church at twilight. I had thought of it as a scene of frolic and boyish games; and I turned uneasily to the huge corner fire-place, where Felicia was stirring into a blaze a handful of smouldering embers.

"I thought my father would have come down," I said.

"He is either at his book or asleep," she answered, sighing.

"Felicia," I cried, bursting into tears, "what is the matter? Is this home? Are you always like this?"

Before Felicia could answer, Pim came forward from an obscure corner, and addressed me in a quick, cheerful tone:

"Ay, little Miss Bessie," he said, "it is home, but it's not always like this. Bless you, my dears, the master's going to finish his big book, and we shall all ride in our carriage. Or Miss Bessie 'll be certain to marry some grand gentleman, and make our fortunes. And Mr. Edward, in Canada, he'll grow money on his farm, 'specially when I go out to him, as I'm waiting to do as soon as you're all settled here. Lord love you! Whenever I feel a little down in the mouth, I go and read inside Master Garforth's desk. You look here, Miss Bessie, what he's wrote. Here's 'Faint heart never won fair lady;' 'Hope on, hope ever;' 'Never say die;' and this here Latin, my dear, means 'Love conquers all;' and 'While there's life there's hope.' He *was* a head-boy, he was—a regular taw; and his desk's like a chapter out of the Bible to me."

"But, Pim," I said, "I did not know—" And then tears stopped my utterance.

"I could not tell you, Bessie," said Felicia, sadly, "when all your letters were looked at. But we were obliged to have a sale to pay our debts; and there are no boys now but the foundationers; and my father—Pim says, is getting on with his book. During my absence as a governess to the children of Colonel Clarke"—here my sister unaccountably checked herself—"he sunk deeper into the fatal habit of opium-eating, and now he is so great a slave to it that the instruction of the few poor burgesses' sons who come to school devolves upon me. Our affairs were bad enough when you went, if you had been old enough to notice. And now, dear, we are very poor and very lonely."

I suppose Felicia was worn down to this lifeless existence; at least she accepted it with a grave patience peculiar to herself. Her very footstep, languid and inelastic, might have been timed to the measured ticking of the school clock, and her low voice never rose or fell beyond a certain cadence, which bore in its reiterated tone a monotony, as the harping burden of some sorrowful song, like Barbara's song of willow. From the household work to the school-room, where the rough scholars grew quiet in her quiet presence, and thence to the alms-houses, she passed daily in a dull routine, with a meek acceptance of these duties, to which I could never attain. Only once, disturbed by some words of mine, there came a wistful, longing, weary look into her blue eyes, followed by rare but passionate weeping, before which Pim himself was silenced, and retreated into his own corner of the vast school-room, whence he watched her with mute anxiety and distress. My father spent most of his time in the study, amidst a litter of books and papers, where he could sleep in peace, unreproached by our presence. Sometimes when I went past the unfastened door, which had neither latch nor lock, singing loudly—for I could still sing when the sun shone brightly without—he would start at the sound, and seize his pen quickly, like a child caught in a fault; but the nerveless fingers relaxed in a moment, and the gray head nodded again over the half-written papers, while I stole away guiltily, with a sense of shame at having seen his miserable disablement and prostration.

Thus a year and a half passed away, taming down the wild pulses of my youth. It was the second winter since I had left school, but a change was coming now—a very slight change, but there was an element of excitement and hope in it. Pim had been seeking constant employment as rural messenger in the post-office, by which he would earn fourteen shillings a week. Another candidate for the office had been recommended, and it was yet uncertain whether he would succeed, and to-night he was gone to hear the final decision. My father had gone to bed, as his custom was, at nine, and I, crouching beside the fire, was watching Felicia, as she paced to and fro into the ruddy gleam of the fire, and back to the cold, clear moonlight at the upper end of the hall. There was an impatient tread in her usually measured footstep, and I could see that her little hands, roughened with coarse work, were clenched feverishly together, while at every sound without she turned sharply toward the door, betraying how eager she was for this good fortune, and how in secret she chafed at the privations and narrowness of our lot. She had just paused for a moment beside me, when we heard the twang of Pim's Jews-harp, and she darted back to the door, but before he could reach it he entered and closed it after him.

"I've got it," he said, in a voice of agitation; "it's all right. Little Miss Bessie, I'm her Majesty's Rural Messenger to High Overton, with fourteen shillings a week. God bless Queen Victoria!"

"It's all right, Miss Crompton," repeated Pim, taking my sister's hand, "all right, my dear. Bless you, we shall be as happy as the day altogether, 'specially of a night when I'm come home. I shall be back in time for any odd jobs about the house; only I sha'n't see much of the master, Lord love him! It was so uncommonly kind of him to write that beautiful recommendation for me, when he's so busy with the big book. I'm a made man through it, with fourteen shillings a week clear."

"It's all right, my dears," he reiterated; "right to a tittle. Every thing's right. But I shouldn't have got it without Mr. Garforth. It's been uncommon difficult to keep my temper over this business. You wouldn't believe it, but this postmaster—he's not a Tamford man—asked me if I was any blood relation to the master."

"And what did you say, old Pim?" I asked.

"Why, I'm afraid I swore a little," he replied, with a deprecating glance at Felicia, who had come to my side; "I'm afraid I said I'd be something'd if I was; but I didn't mean it."

"Pim!" murmured Felicia.

"I couldn't help it," he continued; "he was so uncommonly impertinent, 'specially about my character, though the master himself had written that letter for me. Saving your presence, Miss Crompton, and yours, Miss Bessie, he went so far as to say he'd been told my father and mother weren't married, and that's forty years ago clear."

Felicia's face flushed with a deep crimson, but I could not help laughing.

"That was no fault of yours, Pim," I said.

"Just the remark as Mr. Garforth made, Miss Bessie. I didn't use any bad language then, Miss Crompton. I only said, 'Sir, it's a awful thing when the Master of us all, who has got wisdom and discretion, begins to visit the sins of the fathers upon the children; but when a man that hasn't got any sort of wisdom sets about it—' Mr. Garforth said, 'True, old fellow!' to me."

Felicia's hand, lying upon my shoulder, rested there more heavily, as she stood silent, with drooping head and downcast eyes. In all the large moonlit room there was neither sound nor motion, and I felt a superstitious panic creeping over me.

"What is that, Felicia?" I cried.

A low, gentle tapping at the northern door, not as loud as the stroke of a robin's wing against the window, a feeble, irregular knock, like the beating of a child's open hand against the iron-studded panels, succeeded by a pitiful wail, which stole into the quiet room, and filled it for a moment with a babyish, pleading tone of trouble. Felicia shivered as she leaned against me, and old Pim stood paralyzed, gazing back to the dark end of the hall; but when a second cry came, a shrill, sharp, passionate scream of fright, I sprang to my feet, and pushing past them both, ran hastily to the door. It was bright, clear moonlight, and the shadows slanted across the street, making alternate spaces of light and darkness. Scarcely more soundless and deserted was it than in the daytime; even less so, for as I stopped for a moment looking out, the cry burst forth again, and I saw the form of a little child, pattering swiftly along the pavement, in the deepest shadows of the school walls. I followed the little flying figure, but it fled from me in increased fear, a fear so intense and overwhelming, that when I caught it, and taking it in my arms sat down on the step of an untenanted house, it was long before all my caresses and soothing could still the vehemence of its sobs. At length it lay passive in my arms, and I looked up to Felicia, who stood before us, the moonlight falling upon her white, grave face, and lending a pale glory to her golden hair, like a halo round the calm forehead of a saint.

"Pim is looking for the woman," she whispered, as if afraid of being overheard; and she stooped down to lay her hand gently on the little head lying languidly on my bosom.

"See how frightened it is, Felicia," I cried, "the poor little bird! Where can it have come from?"

"She has been deserted," answered Felicia, in a bitter tone.

"Deserted? Impossible!" I replied. "What are we to do with it?"

"We can not talk about it here," she said; "take the child in, Bessie, while Pim and I look every where. We must search every corner."

So, with the child sobbing itself to sleep in my arms, I returned to the old house, and the hearth where I myself had been the last little infant, the youngest born of our family. I felt a deep instinctive love for this wailing, forsaken child; and before Felicia and Pim returned, I had collected a number of unanswerable arguments for adopting her into our household if they found no clew to account for her appearance.

They came in utterly foiled. Every nook in the quadrangle had been searched, and the doors of the alms-houses tried, often to the great anger of the alms-men within. All the untenanted dwellings in the street were apparently empty, and their doors carefully locked; neither sound nor sight had hinted any thing to them. Only one thing could be decided upon, and that we resolved unanimously. The child must remain with us till the morning, and then we would have a private discussion before my father was up, so that we might have a definite plan beforehand which he would not take the trouble to interfere with.

I employed all my eloquence and arguments in that discussion, pleading with Felicia to let us keep the little waif, and Pim lent his voice to mine.

"Who can tell whose child she may be?" I said; "for I am sure she is no common child, Felicia. See what a noble face she has! Are there no marks upon her clothes?"

"None," said Felicia, who was examining them closely; "they are worn and poor, Bessie."

She sighed heavily as she laid down the little garments, and stood undecided for a minute, watching me feed the child with bread and milk, which the child was taking hungrily. "I will be a mother to it, Felicia. God helping me, I will be a better mother than the one that has forsaken it, if that be true."

Felicia, usually so cold and reticent, fell down on her knees before us, and clasped me and the wondering child in her arms, murmuring in a voice that only I could hear, "God forgive the mother! God pardon the poor, wretched, abandoned woman! God help my Bessie!"

Ever after life wore a different aspect to me. The monotony and gloom were gone. The child, after a day or two of fretfulness, became a merry, laughing, romping little creature, "gurgling," as Pim called it, about the old house, with a keen enjoyment of the sounding, empty rooms. To Pim and me she was a priceless treasure. Even my father would rouse himself to take her, when she was quiet, upon his knee, and let her fall asleep in his arms, himself yielding to the dreamy lethargy, which now always brooded over him with heavy wings. Only Felicia, allowing herself but a hurried notice of the child now and then, retained the melancholy step and glance of former times. We used to have long conversations about her at night, when Pim returned from his round; canvassing every conjecture that arose in our minds, until the subject became the one absorbing, predominant idea of my brain. I no longer avoided the main streets of my native town, hurrying down by-paths to hide my poverty-stricken appearance.

It was a totally unlooked-for misfortune when Pim fell ill, in the spring succeeding this autumn; but the doctor who attended the alms-men said a few days' rest would set him up again if we could get a substitute for his work. This consisted of a walk into the country of about seven miles, with no very heavy load of letter-bags; only a trustworthy and intelligent person was needed. After many objections raised at home, and some demur at the post-office, I was at last allowed to take Pim's place until he fairly recovered. I was young and strong, and the walk in the pleasant spring mornings and evenings, with the long days' rest in the country air, would be good for me. I said to Felicia the early hour at half past five in the morning, and the dusk in the evening, would hide me from the curiosity of our townspeople.

But neither of these circumstances availed me in the country, where I met with idle querists who considered me a fair enigma offered for their solution. Yet there was nothing remarkable about me. I was commonplace and insignificant enough to go through my work unnoticed; not like Felicia, who moved and spoke like a discrowned queen. One woman especially, a widow, living about two miles from Tamford, waylaid and catechised me so rigorously that in a little time I began to suspect her of some sinister meaning. She was born to excite suspicion. Such depths of dissimulation there were in her heavy, slow-moving eyelids! such fraud in the forced smile on her thin lips! such lines of cunning on her face! She was so humble, too, so affable and insidious; and asked me impertinent questions so delicately that I found her worming out all the little secrets of our secluded household. I dislike to think of that woman to this day.

"I have a letter for you," she said, one evening—"a most important letter, and I wish to see you put it safely into your basket, where you can not lose it. Not with the others, please; I should like it kept separate, and posted separate, so that you may remember it particularly."

I put it into my own basket to satisfy her, and went on my way homeward, very weary, and thinking only of the rest by the school-room fire, with Felicia and our little child. Pim met me at the entrance of the town to take my light burden from me, and as the child was with him we walked on forgetfully and happily enough, leaving him to proceed to the post-office. Not till I was luxuriating in my anticipated rest, with Felicia waiting upon me, and little Bell busily unlacing my boots, did I remember the important letter in my basket.

I recollect it lying there, in the brightest light of our one candle, with the thick, marked characters, unlike a woman's handwriting. An idle feeling of curiosity mingled with my irritation, and I took it up again to examine it more closely. Beneath the thin envelope I deciphered but too readily this sentence: "The child is safe enough, at school with the daughters of a clergyman, who is master of."

Such a clear, decisive clew I had never had before. Mrs. Barnett's inquisitiveness, the strange suddenness of her interest in me, the familiarity and ease with which she had caught the names of our little household, rushed instantly upon my mind. I kept silence, and before many minutes of thought were passed I determined to conceal my suspicions from Felicia, and from Pim if possible, for I had begun to doubt his simple capacity, and I resolved to follow out this clew myself. I would waver at nothing that would tend to solve the mystery of Bell's birth. Still holding the letter in my trembling hand, I was rapidly coming to the decision to detain it, when Pim returned, and Felicia took it from my reluctant grasp, and sent him away again to post it.

It is a hard thing to confess a crime; harder, perhaps more humiliating, when there is something mean in it. A bold, brave, great sin, or a soft, passionate error one can recall with a kind of palliating tenderness and pity for ourselves. When Pim, a few days after my discovery of this apparent clew, was well enough to resume his work, and at my earnest solicitation came home to have some breakfast, bringing his letters with him, which was transgressing a strict rule, and I looked them over, and saw a letter in an evidently disguised handwriting, addressed "Mrs. Barnett, widow, Tamford," with the words, "Try Fazeley," written upon it by the postmaster, do you much wonder, that, having no moment for reflection, I withdrew it secretly from the bundle, and allowed Pim to proceed on his way without it?

The risk of detection was as slight as it possibly could be, for the letter had come in this morning, and the words "Try Fazeley" would lead Mrs. Barnett to suppose that it had been detained in Tamford for one day, that the town letter-carrier might see if it belonged to any one in his delivery. Pim would confirm this opinion if she spoke to him about it. The envelope was not sealed, and could be opened and reclosed readily. Yet I hesitated. I followed Felicia about, afraid of being left alone, and watched her sitting placidly at her stitching, with the child at her feet attempting to sew a piece of cloth, the pretty little features puckered into lines of painstaking. At last she looked up with large, grave, childish eyes into Felicia's face.

"Will mamma come to-day?" she asked; for I talked often to her of the mother who would come for her some time, and love her more than we could.

"No," answered Felicia.

"I wish she would," sighed the child wistfully; "I'm so tired."

That decided me. I went back into the school-room, where the scanty class of poor scholars had assembled, and seated myself at poor old Pim's desk—the head-boy's desk, with its mottoes of hope, which he had appropriated to his own use, and, concealing myself behind the heavy lid, which rested upon my forehead, I unfastened the envelope with a wicked dexterity, and drew out the inclosure, wrapped within a blank paper.

It was nothing whatever but a few shillings'-worth of postage stamps, without a line of writing. I suppose if I had been a greater adept in crime I should have been disappointed at the failure of result in this; but, upon the whole, I was not so. After the first feeling of surprise there came an undercurrent of relief. I had not then violated any private communication; I had been saved from doing Mrs. Barnett the treacherous injury I had designed. Now, when I had refastened the envelope, and Pim had taken it to her, I should feel as if I had done her very little wrong; and, having once tasted the bitterness and humiliation of dishonor, I should never fall into the same temptation again.

I was obliged to leave it, until the boys were gone, carefully locked up in Pim's desk. The morning wore slowly away, but at length the foundation-scholars were dismissed, and my father prepared to lounge out for his noonday stroll. He was loitering at the school-door, deliberately drawing on his gloves, while I stood beside him, impatient for his departure, when at the turning into College Hill there appeared an extraordinary group, escorted by the returning scholars. The postmaster and a stranger walking briskly toward us, and behind them a policeman, with our poor old faithful Pim. Coming on too quickly to give me a moment's time for thought, they entered the school-room after my father, who retreated hastily at the sight of them, and shut the door in the familiar faces of the boys and alms-men clustering round. Their errand was speedily told. A letter containing marked stamps had been posted in London to test the honesty of the town letter-carrier, and had been addressed only to "Mrs. Barnett, Tamford"—selecting that name at random—in the supposition that it would necessarily pass into the hands of the suspected man; but the postmaster, knowing no one of that name except the lady at Fazeley, had put it among Pim's letters for him to try, first, whether it belonged to her. The detective—the pleased and satisfied-looking stranger—had come down to Tamford to learn the success of his experiment, and, upon hearing the postmaster's statement, had repaired to Mrs. Barnett's to reclaim the letter. Finding it was not delivered, he had gone on to High Overton after Pim, whose confused and frightened manner had already condemned him in his eyes. They were come now to institute a search for the missing letter.

"Oh, Miss Bessie," cried Pim, falling upon his knees before me, "have pity upon me, my dear. Don't you say any thing to break my heart. It won't be hard to bear if you don't get into trouble, and your mother left you in my charge. Don't speak—don't speak!"

I saw it all in a moment—every consequence, every dire dreary result of my fault. Pim's tears were falling fast upon my hands, which he kissed imploringly, while he reiterated his prayer to me to be silent. But I had no power to speak. Suddenly he seemed removed a long way from me, and his words sounded like indistinct mutterings, only I heard him say it was all right now, as I felt Felicia's arms round me, and was conscious of nothing more.

That night, after the dreadful afternoon was over, with its confusion and dismay, and the almost magisterial visit of the mayor and rector, who were trustees of the grammar-school, I had to tell my secret to Felicia—not to my father, he could neither counsel nor aid me. But I was unprepared for the terrible paroxysm of agitation and anguish into which my shameful confession threw her. It was nearly dark in the school-room, for we had had no heart to light a candle, and I could scarcely see her white face; but she trembled violently, and gasped in broken sentences.

"What ought I to do, Felicia?" I asked, trying to look steadfastly at our position.

"I can not tell," she said, wringing her hands; "we ought not to let Pim suffer this for us; he has done so much for us."

"I wish we had one friend," I sobbed, thinking of all our townspeople, who were going about their business and pleasure without any care for us, and we had no one to help us.

"We have a friend," said Felicia, many minutes afterward, as if she had not dared to mention him before, "and to-morrow I will send for him. Lawrence Garforth, Bessie; but we shall have to tell him all. We will abide by his decision."

It was not strange that I should lie awake all night, scarcely believing that these events were real. I waited through the long and weary hours of the morning for the arrival of Mr. Garforth, who was to decide what I was to do, and the death-like paleness of Felicia as the time drew near increased my vague apprehensions. It was I who had to admit him—a grave, stern-looking man, not the boy I dimly remembered, into whose face I did not dare to glance, as I conducted him through the empty lobby to our desolate parlor, where Felicia was waiting for him: Felicia, in her faded dress, but with a soft dawn of color on her delicate face, and with downcast eyelids, which she could not raise as he approached her.

"Felicia—Miss Crompton," he said, eagerly, "I was not prepared for this. I only heard of it in my office this morning. Why did you not send for me at once?"

"The trouble is my sister's," she answered, in her cold, quiet tone. "I should not have sent for you on my own account merely."

She drew me to her side with an unusual show of affection; but, as if recollecting herself, pushed me gently away from her, while she told him an abrupt, unvarnished narrative, giving the bare details of our life for the last twelve months, without a word to appeal to his sympathy or interest, until she came to my crime of yesterday. Then she spoke with tears, and with every plea on my behalf which could soften his judgment and reprobation. When Felicia finished, the lawyer remained for a long time absorbed in thought.

"You know," he said, suddenly and sharply, "that Pim must bear it, if he will, and there seems no doubt about that, poor fellow! Your sister can not take the consequences of her imprudent act."

For the first time I met his eyes, which before had been fastened on Felicia's face; deep, tranquil eyes, that won my confidence at once. He saw it, and smiled rather sadly.

"The consequences are worse than the fault," he continued, "and you can not bear them, child. We can not lay bare the history of your family before the public. We dare not expose you to the position in which Pim is placed; and the punishment will not be all his."

"But for Pim to be in jail," I cried. "Oh, Mr. Garforth, you do not know what he has been to us, and I would rather bear the disgrace and imprisonment myself a thousand times."

"I know all, little Bessie," he replied; "and knowing all, I decide as I do. Go away now; I wish to speak to your sister alone."

I left them together. I heard Bell's shrill little voice calling to me from the garden, and I went out to her, under the windows of the parlor, where Felicia was conversing with Mr. Garforth. He was regarding us intently and furtively from one side of the deep embrasure, and I saw him for a moment cover his face with his hands in a quick, mute gesture of trouble.

We went the next day—Felicia, and Mr. Garforth, and I—to see Pim in the prison at Shawbury. I clung to Mr. Garforth's steady arm, but Felicia walked before us with her smooth tranquil step, and slightly bended head, as if the long, low passages and jealously-locked gates could not move her frigid quietism, nor the thought of seeing Pim a prisoner quicken a throb of her languid pulse. Even when we stopped before the door of his cell, and the turnkey was unfastening the massive lock, she did not turn to us, nor stand on one side for Mr. Garforth to enter first.

Pim was at work when we went in, and looked up shyly, with a glance of shame and despondency, which was changing into one of delight at seeing Felicia and me, when his eyes fell upon Mr. Garforth, and then he started to his feet with a bitter cry.

"Oh, Miss Bessie, you've told," he exclaimed, "and you've told him! I wouldn't have had you tell him for all the world. Any body but him; any body but the head-boy. He knows enough about us already."

"Come, old fellow," said Mr. Garforth, laying his hand on his shoulder, "you forget that the monitor knows every thing in school and out. You should have more confidence in me. Do you think I shall ever forget Tamford Grammar School?"

"No, Sir; no, Mr. Lawrence," he sobbed, "we can't either of us forget the school; nor Mrs. Crompton, God bless her; and I should be ashamed of seeing her face in heaven if any harm came to the children, any *worse* harm, Mr. Garforth. It was only a young thing's curiosity as can not leave things alone, but must root them out somehow; and, Lord love you! being here don't hurt me a bit, but it 'ud kill her—a little, delicate, tender creature like her. I've chapel every morning, and it's fetching up my religion better than at home. Besides, it wasn't altogether her fault; she was driven to it, Mr. Garforth."

Mr. Garforth bent his head without speaking.

"And I've been thinking," continued Pim, falling into a reverential tone, "that somehow it's the grandest thing a poor man like me can do, who was born a shame—it's the grandest thing I can expect to do, to bear trouble and disgrace for somebody else, and save them. You see, by having my life a little bit heavier and harder, I can make hers light and easy, as it ought to be. Bless you, when I think I can save little Miss Bessie; save you, my dear, I feel as proud as if the cell couldn't hold me. I'm not ashamed of being born then; and I sha'n't be ashamed when I stand before the judge. If I've not done my duty by Miss Crompton and Mr. Edward, I shall have done it by you; and if ever I have a chance in heaven, I shall be bold to tell your blessed mother—"

"But I can not bear it, Pim," I said, weeping till my words were lost in sobs.

They tried to comfort me, making light of my fault, and the penalty which would fall upon Pim; Mr. Garforth promising to make every effort in his power to secure a short term of imprisonment. But the case was too clear; the abstraction of the letter, Pim's guilty confusion when it was demanded from him, his evasive answers, which were half confessions, and the discovery of it open in his own locked desk, formed an unbroken chain of evidence too conclusive to be evaded. Mr. Garforth spoke eloquently for him, and my father was roused to the exertion of going to the sessions to testify of his long and faithful services; but the sentence could not be otherwise than it was—twelve months' imprisonment as a felon in Shawbury jail.

They told me nothing about it at the time, for I was too ill to bear the knowledge of it. Life ebbed so low that for long it was doubtful whether it would ever swell buoyantly again with the full tide of youth and health. Even after it had turned, with a fitful and wavering increase of strength, Felicia spoke of Pim with caution, and read fictitious letters to me, written in his name by Mr. Garforth, for they dared not tell me that Pim could only write once a quarter, so full of his quaint, pleasant, chattering cheerfulness, that they seemed like Pim's own kindly voice. I learned some of the secret of Felicia's endurance in my helplessness, and in our whispered conversations I told her of it feebly, how the fire and impatience of my youth was quelled forever by the memory of my fault. Often, too, when little Bell was lying in my arms, her warm cheek nestling against mine, I used to wonder to Felicia about her parentage and future life, the more so as Mr. Garforth had ascertained that the words in Mrs. Barnett's letter referred to a nephew of her own at school in Shawbury. Sometimes my incoherent fancies would weave curious webs of romance for her, and Felicia's patient, pitying eyes would shine down upon me with a look of tenderness, which never beamed from them upon any one else.

Not even upon Mr. Garforth, as I discovered when I came down stairs, and he visited us regularly every evening for an hour, always manifesting toward Felicia a kind of sorrowful esteem and thoughtfulness, while me he treated like the fretful, unreasonable, childish invalid that I was, soothing or laughing at me as my mood required. It was he who went to see Pim after the first six months of his imprisonment were over, when I was not considered strong enough to bear the wintry journey; and it was he who stood beside us as our friend, when the last oblivious sleep, which blotted out all unkind remembrance of the lethargic past, fell upon our poor father. He was with us, with me alone, though we thought my father was sleeping in his chair beside us, when we looked up, and found the eyelids weighed down, and the nerveless hands folded in a slumber from which there was no awaking.

That was a little while before the long vacation, and Mr. Garforth secured for us the shelter of our old home until a new master should be elected for Tamford Grammar School. Pim's term would end a few days before we should have to leave the school-house, and Felicia and Mr. Garforth held private consultations, from which I was excluded, though I knew their purport, guessing that he had won, or would win her at last, to be his wife. I said to myself, and to little Bell, a hundred times a day, how glad I should be to call Mr. Garforth my brother. But why then did my voice falter, and my heart fail me? Why, with the shadow of my father's death falling upon me, did I seem dimly conscious of a less defined but deeper shadow? Why did I feel every day that my fault, which Mr. Garforth knew, must shut me out forever from his love and honor?

I was sitting at his old desk one evening, thinking sadly enough of him and poor Pim, with the long lines of evening sunlight slanting through the high windows, as they had done many summer afternoons upon the boys at their tasks, when Mr. Garforth entered, after a prolonged interview with Felicia. I understood his animation, his rapid step of excitement, as he paced the flagged floor to the place where I was sitting, and gently displacing me took his old monitor's post, and looked round with eyes full of memory. I could see him as the head-boy, with command over his fellows, sweeter and more absolute than any authority now; and as the bashful boy-lover, courting yet shrinking from the glance of the master's daughter. Those days were come back again, he was living over the past once more, while I stood beside him, scarcely daring to glance at the abstracted man, with the first keen, bitter, agitated conviction that I loved him.

"Sit down by me on the form, Bessie," he said; "I have many things to say to you."

He moved a little way to make room for me, and I obeyed him, without word or look.

"The old home is broken up," he continued, softly, "and you will have to turn out of it, little Bessie. Pim can not return to Tamford—never could if your father had lived; so he must go to Edward in Canada at last."

I planted my feet firmly on the bar of the desk to keep himself from trembling visibly.

"And Felicia will go with him," he resumed.

"Felicia!" I cried.

"Yes," he said, with an air of constraint; "Colonel Clarke, the brother of Sir John Clarke, in whose family she was governess, has left her a legacy of one thousand pounds, which in Canada will make her an independent woman."

"Oh, I understand it all now!" I exclaimed, "My poor Felicia! my darling, patient Felicia! she loved Colonel Clarke; they loved one another. And is he dead?"

"He is," was the brief answer; and after a pause he continued, "so Felicia and Pim will go to Canada; but they consent to leave you behind if you can think of any friend you could stay with happily. Think, Bessie. Could you be happy with me?"

I could only bow down my head upon the hand lying on the desk before me, murmuring the word "happy" over and over again, as our child had done when she could only speak a few lisping syllables.

"Let us go to Felicia," I said, a long time afterward, when the evening brightness was fading away; and we went hand in hand along the passages trodden by children's feet to the parlor, where we found her sitting in the twilight, with little Bell lying languidly in her lap. Rare and beautiful smiles played upon her face when Mr. Garforth told her of our betrothal, and she put the child down to take me into her arms.

But Bell, the little, excitable, sensitive child, as if foreboding some separation, wept bitterly, and I could not comfort her, though Mr. Garforth, who had never caressed or fondled her before, tried playfully to soothe her. Ever since my protracted illness her merry ways had changed into a listless and pensive quietness. Of late, whenever I was not with her, she had been used to climb up to the window and press her tiny face against the panes in wistful watchings for the mother who never came, until my heart ached at having filled her with a hope that now was less likely to be realized.

During the next month, while we were busy making preparations for the intended emigration as soon as Pim was released, and for my dwelling with Mr. Garforth's mother until our marriage, I found courage at last to approach the tacitly forbidden theme, and besought him to let me keep the child with me; but he refused it, my first request, with a brief decision that silenced me at once, though it awoke a dread of him, and of the time when I should be left alone to his stern authority, which he felt keenly, and a coldness and reserve sprang up between us. But my darling, my adopted little one, was declining now visibly and surely, and every other interest was engrossed in my care for her. Perhaps that low ebbing of my life which she had seen with the bewilderment and vague fear of childhood; or the mysterious sleep she had witnessed in my father when he did not awake at the sound of our crying; or the oppression of Felicia's sadness that had so often weighed me down; all the trouble, and privation, and care had burdened the young heart till it shuddered at life, and recoiled from it, dimly conscious of its struggles.

It was the evening I had been looking forward to so long, and Mr. Garforth was gone to Shawbury to bring Pim home once again to the school-house. Through many hours of the day I had carried my child—a light burden now—to and fro in the large deserted school-room, resting now and then, but only for a few minutes, for she would lie in no other arms but mine; while Felicia followed us unceasingly, with hopeless and helpless eyes seeking mine to ask unutterable questions. She was asleep now upon my lap, as she had slept the first night we had found her; and Felicia, on a low chair upon the hearth, had buried her face from all sight and sound, in an attitude of motionless anguish. The room was as still as it had been then, except for the moan of the child; yet they entered so noiselessly, with such a solemn hush of care, that I did not know they were come until Mr. Garforth laid his hand upon my head, and I looked up into poor old Pim's face stooping over us with tears streaming down his pale and sunken cheeks.

"The Lord love her!" he said; "the dear Lord love her, and keep her forever!"

"Pim," I whispered, "I do so long for the poor mother to be here. The child ought to die in her arms, not mine."

I spoke so softly that the child in its sobbing slumber did not move; but Pim groaned aloud, and stretched out his hands beseechingly to me, while he cast an awe-stricken glance at Felicia. I, too, gazed with terror at the tall, slender, bending figure gliding toward me with an air of indescribable pleading and humiliation.

"Oh, Bessie, Bessie!" she cried, sinking to my feet, and hiding her face in my dress, "I never wanted you to know it; but"—I could hear her heart beat—"but little Bessie is—" She whispered the rest passionately into my ear.

Even at that moment, with the awe and shock of this confession, I looked to Lawrence. His tranquil face almost smiled back upon me with a grave and quiet comfort, while he laid his hand once more gently upon my head.

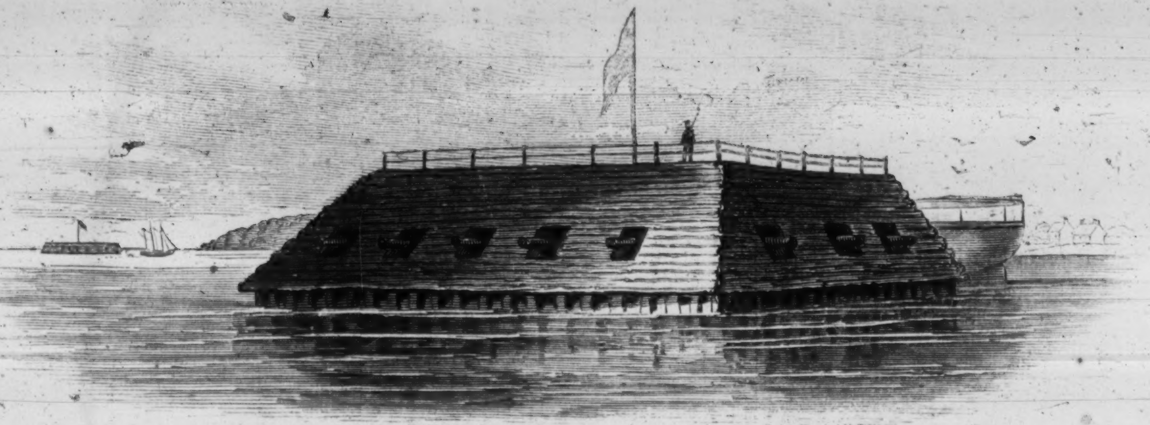
"Speak to her," urged Pim; "tell her that you'll not cast her off. For your mother's sake forgive her; God knows she's suffered. Speak to her or she'll die, Miss Bessie."

Still Felicia lay motionless, and she did not answer, only her hands clasped my feet more closely, until I leaned forward to touch her, and the child stirred restlessly upon my lap, and her transparent purple-veined eyelids opened widely.

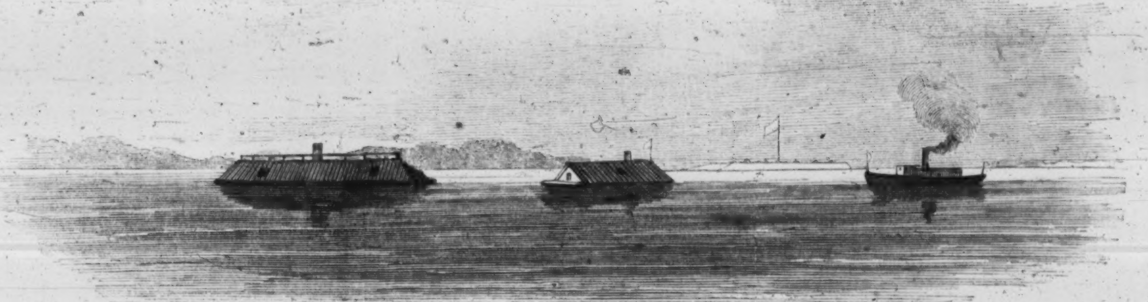
"Little Bell's dear mother is come at last," I said, and the wonderful childish eyes kindled with a strange glow as they gazed up fixedly into mine. "Call your mother, little Bell."

"Mother," breathed the faint voice, and a smile, like a feeble moonbeam upon some little mountain stream, glimmered on her face as she turned her wistful eyes away from me in earnest expectation—not vainly, for Felicia was bending over with the sacred love and anguish of a mother gleaming through her familiar features. The child was satisfied, and lifting feebly her little fingers, let them flutter for a moment playfully upon the mother's forehead and the golden hair falling over it; but the effort lasted only for a moment. A distant forgetting look passed over her innocent face, and once again she spoke to Felicia:

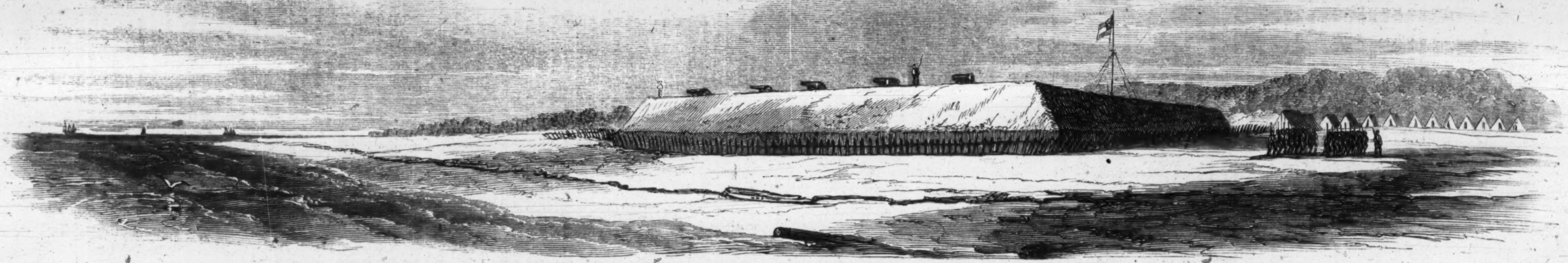
"Good-by, mother," she whispered.



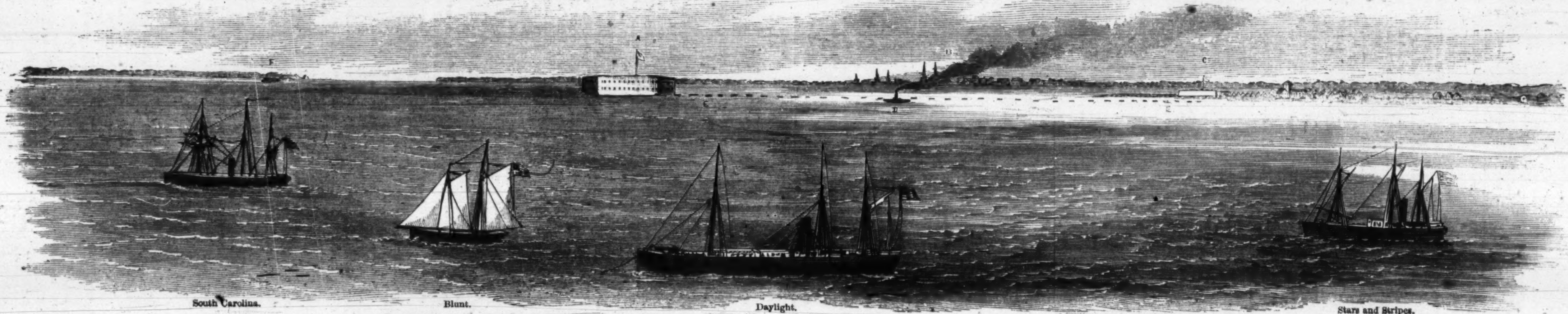
MIDDLE-GROUND BATTERY, CHARLESTON, S. C.—SKETCHED BY A. P. PALMER, 21ST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 79.]



THE CHARLESTON IRON-CLAD FLEET.—SKETCHED BY A. P. PALMER, 21ST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 79.]



FOLLEY'S BATTERY NEAR THE LIGHT-HOUSE, AT CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. P. PALMER, 21ST SOUTH CAROLINA VOLUNTEERS.—[SEE PAGE 79.]


South Carolina.
Blunt.
Daylight.
Stars and Stripes.

REFERENCES.—A, Fort Sumter.—B, Charleston City.—C, Fort Moultrie.—D, Rebel Tug at work on the Obstructions.—E, E, Obstructions.—F, Fort Johnson.—G, Mount Pleasant Batteries.

OUR BLOCKADING FLEET OFF NORTH CHANNEL, CHARLESTON HARBOR, SOUTH CAROLINA.—SKETCHED BY A NAVAL OFFICER.—[SEE PAGE 79.]

THE LATE REVEREND LYMAN BEECHER.

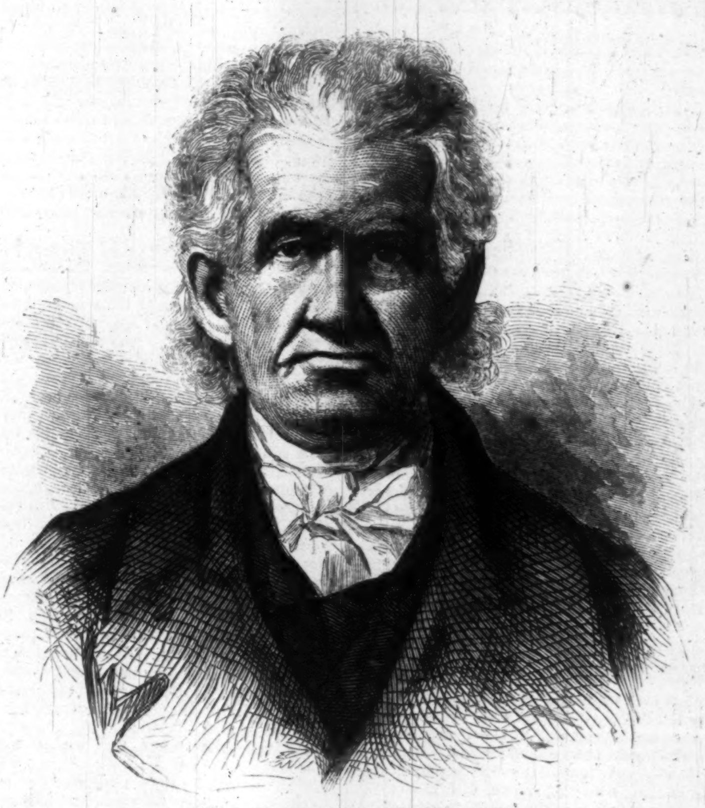
WE publish herewith a portrait of the REV. LYMAN BEECHER, who died on 10th January in the city of Brooklyn, at the age of eighty-seven; and we condense the following sketch of his life and services from a longer biographical memoir:

Lyman Beecher was born at New Haven, Connecticut, October 12, 1775; graduated at Yale College in 1797; and studied theology under the direction of President Dwight. In December, 1798, he was ordained pastor of a church at East Hampton, Long Island, upon a salary of $300 per annum. In 1810 he removed to the care of the first church, at Litchfield, Connecticut. Here he remained about sixteen years, during which time his remarkable qualities as a preacher and as a zealous and active minister brought him a great reputation and a remarkable influence throughout New England. In 1826 he was installed over the newly-established Hanover Street Church, Boston, and, during his residence there, devoted himself with both zeal and ability to the urgent work committed to his guidance. His ministry necessarily partook largely of a controversial character. He flung himself into the thickest of the battle, and was sustained by the confidence and fervent admiration of the religious body to which he belonged. The sincerity and spirituality of his preaching was generally acknowledged, and it was attended by decisive results, in a revival of the spirit and increase in the numbers of evangelical Christians. In 1832 the Lane Theological Seminary was established at Cincinnati, and Dr. Beecher was invited to take the direction. He carried the same strength and ardor into his new connections, and electrified a considerable part of the country by the publication, soon after his arrival, of a tract sounding the alarm of Roman Catholic supremacy at the West. He remained in Cincinnati about ten years, having, in addition to the care of the Seminary, the pastoral charge of the Second Presbyterian Church. After leaving there he resided for many years in Boston, without fixed employment, but with undiminished intelligence and vigor, even at a very advanced age. During the more active portion of his life few or none of his profession were better known to the people of the United States, and it is probable that the labors of no other have produced a more immediate and apparent effect. His fame as an orator was widely spread.

Of Dr. Beecher's thirteen children not a few have attained to eminence as writers and ministers. Miss Catherine Beecher, Dr. Edward Beecher, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Revs. George, Charles, Thomas, William, and James Beecher are all known in certain spheres of public usefulness, and each in his specialty has done service in his day and generation.

Of his son Henry, Dr. Beecher was peculiarly fond and proud, and during the last ten years of his life has been more or less with him. About five years since he became a permanent resident of Brooklyn, living within a stone's-throw of his son's house and church. At the latter place he was for some time an honored landmark of a former generation, and an object of universal esteem and affection. Latterly, however, during the past three years, his body, originally so erect and sinewy, had rapidly failed.

At the close of the morning sermon on January 11, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher paused a moment, and then, in a voice tremulous with deep emotion, which sent a thrill throughout the vast congregation, he proceeded to say, in substance:



THE LATE REV. LYMAN BEECHER, D.D.

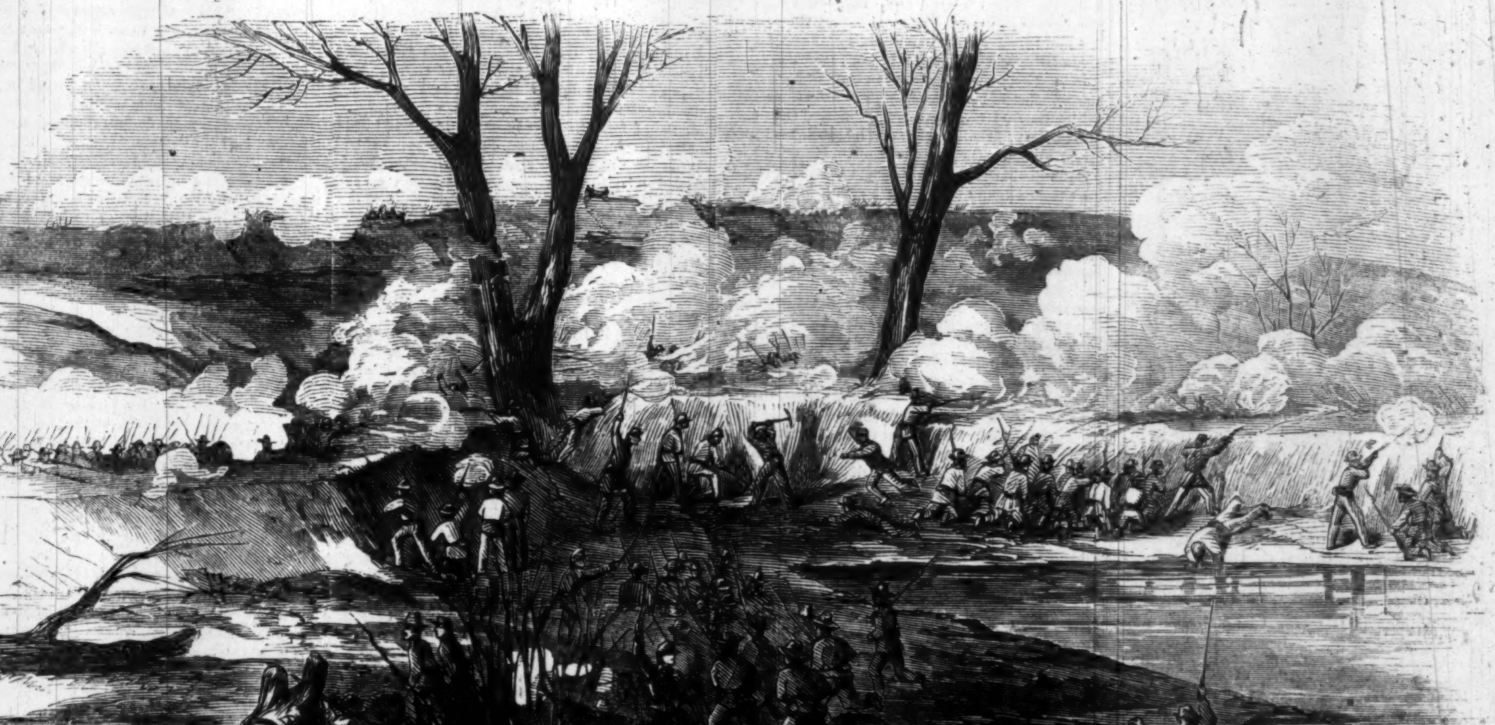
Last night, at five o'clock, at the ripe age of eighty-seven, my venerated father went to his eternal rest. His life was singularly blameless—simple, constant, full of the noblest Christian heroism, faithfulness, and devotion to the cause to which he early consecrated his powers. For about a year and a half his mental condition has been exceedingly feeble and child-like. He has been like a traveler who had packed his trunk in anticipation of a journey, and, expecting every moment to start, could not unpack it. But now the long-expected journey has been made. He has reached the place where, all his mental powers unlocked, not as here on earth, but with every faculty brightened, and every sense glorified, he can employ them as never before in the service of his divine Master. He had long been ready to depart. Almost the last sentient act of his life occurred about two years ago, when, on his recovery from a severe sickness, he called for "*that passage*." After reading a multitude of passages, for he was unable to designate the particular one he desired, the reader opened, by the good providence of God, to these verses: "For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day: and not to me only—"

They were proceeding to read further, but my father cried "Stop! that is not for me! *This is my* testimony; write it down as mine." And I think he could use those words as fully and as justly as the man that wrote them. One of the most touching characteristics of his later years was his affectionate remembrance of his early associates in the Christian warfare. His heart clung with peculiar tenderness to the memory of Taylor, Evarts, Cornelius, and Wisner. He loved them all, but especially Taylor. And in his last years, and in his dying hours, his heart turned not to Boston, the scene of his brightest triumphs; not to Brooklyn, where for so many years he has lived so near our beautiful Greenwood, from where shall rise so many on the Last Day, when the trumpet shall sound which only they who are called shall hear; not even to Litchfield, where lies buried the wife of his youth, for whom he cherished all the tender affection which his loving nature could lavish upon an object; but his last request was, "Lay me by the side of brother Taylor." And there, in the old grave-yard at Hew Haven, shall repose side by side the bodies of these two Christian soldiers and heroes, until the day when they shall rise glorified and incorruptible, to dwell forever before the face of God in heaven.

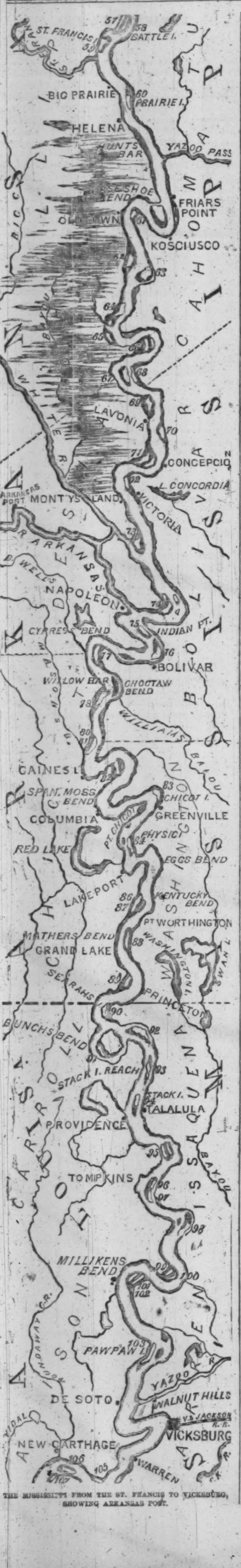
THE ATTACK OF VICKSBURG.

THE picture given below illustrates one of the most daring feats of arms ever attempted in the progress of this war, and not surpassed by any thing in the annals of warfare. When General Morgan L. Smith's division of General Sherman's command undertook to storm the enemy's works on the banks of the bayou in the rear of Vicksburg, the Sixth Regiment of Missouri Volunteers, under command of Lieutenant-Colonel Blood, was detailed for the advance. The enemy's works were very strong, there being a steep bank of thirty feet high to ascend, fortified with breast-works and rifle-pits, with a heavy force drawn up in line of battle behind them. The only approach was by a road across a sand-bar in the bayou, exposed to a double cross-fire from the enemy, and the only way of ascending the bank was by cutting a road. An order was received for two companies to be sent over in advance for the purpose of cutting the road—one with picks and shovels, and the other with muskets to protect the workers from the enemy's sharp-shooters in the rifle-pits over their heads. Company F, Captain Boutell, and Company K, Captain Buck, were the first to volunteer, the peril being so great that Colonel Blood was reluctant to order a detail. Their services were accepted, and the two companies of heroes went across under a most terrific fire, which left more than a tenth of their number stretched upon the sand. On getting across they immediately commenced operations on the bank, and very soon made a large excavation, almost sufficient for the purpose, when the position of the enemy's forces and batteries were found to be such that the further prosecution of the attempt would be certain destruction to all concerned in it, and without accomplishing any thing. In the mean time Lieutenant-Colonel Blood, with the balance of the regiment, had crossed over to their support, but with still greater loss, one-sixth of his force being killed or wounded.

Shortly afterward, the attempt being found impracticable, the regiment was recalled; and under cover of our guns, and favored by approaching darkness and a heavy shower of rain, succeeded in returning without further loss. During the whole time the regiment was crossing, and while it was under the bank, it was exposed to a heavy cross-fire which threatened it with annihilation; but it never faltered or hesitated, but marched steadily on, apparently heedless of the storm of bullets which assailed it. Private M'Gee was shot four times, and thirteen bullets penetrated his clothing. As he lay upon the bar, unable to proceed, the enemy's balls still came whistling around him, and to protect himself he scooped a hole with his hands in the sand and crawled into it. The Sixth Regiment Missouri Volunteers has certainly won a right to a niche in the temple of fame. Notwithstanding the ill success of the attack on Vicksburg, such exploits as this will redeem the history of the affair in the memory of our soldiers.



THE BATTLE AT VICKSBURG—GALLANT CHARGE OF THE SIXTH MISSOURI REGIMENT.



THE MISSISSIPPI FROM THE ST. FRANCIS TO VICKSBURG, SHOWING ARKANSAS POST.

CONTRABANDS COMING IN.

The beginning of the effect of the President's Proclamation of Freedom is illustrated in our picture on page 68. Its author, Mr. Waud, thus describes it:

"There is something very touching in seeing these poor people coming into camp—giving up all the little ties that cluster about home, such as it is in slavery, and trustfully throwing themselves on the mercy of the Yankees, in the hope of getting permission to own themselves and keep their children from the auction-block. This party evidently comprises a whole family from some farm: the mule cart, without a particle of leather about its rope harness, and with a carpet thrown over it for wagon-cover, is unique in its dilapidation. The old party with the umbrella is a type. Down on the Peninsula it appeared constantly on the Sabbath. No matter how fine a day, the old darkeys, clad in ancient dress-suits, white cotton gloves, and tall bell hats, always made their appearance with large 'Gampish' umbrellas—as I conjecture an insignia of respectability. Somehow or other the ladies of the colored persuasion manage to get hoops, although bonnets and other fashionable frivolities are out of their reach.

"One of the females represented in the picture had a *nearly* white child, a girl; and, young and old, all seemed highly delighted at getting into our lines. Let us hope they may fare better than the thousands who found a refuge from the institution in Alexandria last year; the poor creatures died there as though a plague had smitten them."

JOHN MORGAN'S SUBSTITUTE.

It had been the day for drafting in a little town in the hill-country of Connecticut. It was nightfall now, and a man walked slowly home to the wife who watched and waited for him. He was a tall, handsome fellow—thirty-five, perhaps; vigorous of limb, strong of muscle, with kindly yet earnest eyes, well-cut features, and an expression of fearless integrity. You would have known him at once for what he was—a good, unselfish, courageous, honest man, worthy of winning, capable of holding a woman's love.

She who listened for his coming heard the slow step upon the gravel, and sprang from the door to meet him. You could see, even in that dim light, what a bright, cheery, pretty woman she was; with her loving eyes; her dark, satin-smooth hair; her red, tender lips; and the fresh roses on her cheeks. She went up to her husband and put her hands on his arm lovingly.

"I know you have bad news for me, John!"

"Yes, Mary; I must go. I was the third one drafted."

The wife felt her limbs shake, and she thought at first that she could not stand. All the forces of her nature seemed giving way, but she rallied bravely. For his sake she would be calm and strong; but she could not speak just then. She led him into the house, where their children were—five of them; the eldest only ten in the July just gone. There was something in their father's manner which checked the noisy demonstrations with which they were wont to greet him, and they only gave him a few silent kisses as he sat down in the great chair by the west window. He buried his face in his hands for a while, and then he lifted it and looked round on the little group of his loved ones. Three girls and two boys, and his wife, their mother, looking, in spite of years of care, as fair, almost as young, as the day he brought her home his new-made bride. His chest heaved with a long and bitter sigh—a sort of sob of despair, rather—and then he said, as if he feared even she, his other self, might misunderstand him:

"God knows, it is not for my own sake, Mary! I do not think I am afraid to die. I would go with more than willingness, with joy, if I had not so much to leave. If I fall, what will become of you and the children? I can not bear to think of what you might suffer, with no one to stand between you and the cares and sorrows of the world. Mary, this drafting indiscriminately does not seem just. Surely the single men ought to go first."

His wife stole her hand into his very gently.

"Do not think of us," she said, with a true woman's self-forgetfulness. "It is not that. We should do well enough. You need not fear that we should come to want. But oh! John—" And just there she broke down utterly, and cried out, with a burst of passionate tears, "No, I can not bear it! You will die! I shall never, never see your face again! If I could know that you would come back, even were it maimed and helpless, I would not murmur; but to think that you might die there, and I could not help you—that your eyes would seek mine, your hands grope for mine, and I not be there—oh! John, I shall go mad with hopeless horror!"

It was his turn to be the comforter now. He drew her into the shelter of his arms; he rested her poor head on his breast; he whispered, tenderly,

"All who fight do not die, Mary. God watches over us there as well as here. Some women's husbands *must* go, poor child! Something may happen yet that I shall not have to."

He knew, however, no solitary chance under the wide heavens by which he could escape. The words with him were but the vaguest utterance of soothing; but she caught at them eagerly.

"You could procure a substitute, perhaps—is that what you mean?"

"I would if I could," he answered, evasively, remembering in his own mind the difficulty far richer men than he had experienced in procuring them in those quiet, thinly-peopled, agricultural towns. "I am very tired, Mary; can you give me some tea?"

Cheered a little by her new hope, and anxious, above all, to cheer him and make him comfortable, the wife got up and went into the kitchen. The biscuit for supper were already made, and in a few minutes tea was upon the table. John Morgan drank cup after cup of it, with an eager, feverish thirst, but eating with him was a mere feint. When the meal was over the children were put to bed, all but the two oldest girls. They stole out to the open door, and sat down in the September moonlight, their arms round each other—feeling, with a sort of dumb pain, that a shadow which they could not resist had fallen upon the household. Their mother, meantime, had lighted her lamp and taken her work—a child's frock which she was finishing—to the little round stand. She would not let this evening seem more unlike other evenings than she could help.

Soon there came a footstep up the gravel-walk; this time a quick, firm tread. The girls in the door made way for the new-comer to enter, and he came in and stood silently for a moment in the centre of the little sitting-room. He was a slender, elegantly-moulded man. You could see at a glance that the fibre of his manhood had never yet been tested by any tough struggle with fate. Yet one would not have doubted his untried courage. It shone in his steady blue eyes, sad with an unspoken pain; it betrayed itself in the curl of his lip, the curve of his nostril. They say no soldiers ever fought more bravely than the gentry of England—white of hand, haughty of look, delicate of feature. Some such blood flowed in the veins of Ash Thornycroft. He was the only son of the rich mill-owner whose foreman John Morgan was. He was no stranger at the little cottage; and even in this sorrowful hour there was no danger of his being unwelcome. He was the first to speak.

"It is hard on you, Morgan, this draft. My father was saying to-night that he did not know how he should contrive to spare you. So well as you're doing now, too—already comfort and competence for you and yours, and better things in prospect."

"It's useless talking. I think I was not born under a lucky star. You were. Mr. Thornycroft's son, to begin with; young, rich, without a tie to fetter you; and of course the draft spared you."

"Without a tie! Do you call that happiness?"

John Morgan's eyes fell beneath that sad, steady gaze of reproach. He remembered then one who had died in March, on whose grave the lonesome spring rains had wept tears which sprang up again in roses and violets—the gentle girl whom Ash Thornycroft had loved so long and well.

"Forgive me," he said, in a low, penitent tone. The other went on:

"I think you forget yourself a little when you repine at this stroke as if it were the worst thing which could have happened. Would you give up your wife, or one of your children, even to escape from the perils of this war?"

"Did you think I was a coward?" and the honest soul looked indignantly out of John Morgan's eyes. "It was not for myself I feared, but for them. If I were to fall what would they do? I have struggled to shield them so far as I could from toil, or care, or privation. How are they fitted to tread the world's rough paths alone?"

"No, I did not take you for a coward. If I had I should not have thought your life worth saving. I think I know how I should feel in your place. It is a place in which I shall never stand. I am going to enlist, John. It is *my* duty, for I have nothing to keep me at home. I am ready to give all that I have to my country. If I fall I shall only go the sooner where all my longings tend. What is to hinder my sparing you to your happy fireside? I came to propose myself as your substitute."

"It is not, are you sure it is not, to spare me? Would you go in any case?" John Morgan asked, with a little doubt in his voice.

"Do not fear that I am going for your sake. I made up my mind as soon as the call came for the volunteers. I only waited for this very thing—the chance, if I should not be drafted myself, of saving some man who was to the woman who loved him. I am glad it is you, John, my good old friend, to whom I can render this service."

John Morgan was a man of few words, of feelings which lay so deep that they seldom rose to the surface; but there was something which Ash Thornycroft needed no language to interpret in the look of his eyes, and the grasp of his hand, as he hurried out of the room.

Thornycroft was one of those men with a vein of tenderness in the midst of their strength which always allies them more nearly to women than to men. Left alone with Mrs. Morgan, he said what he never would have said to her husband. It was when she thanked him, with earnest words, and sobs and tears of joy yet more eloquent.

"There was one, Mrs. Morgan, who loved me as well as you love John. You do not need to thank me. All that I ever could do for any other woman I would do for her sake. You have seen her; you know how fair and sweet she was; but I think no one save me knows all her purity, her saint-like goodness. I have had only one hope since she died, that I might be fit to go to her. If I die in this good cause, think of me as happy with an unspeakable happiness. It will but be opening the golden gates the sooner. I shall not see you again, so I will bid you good-by now."

Her tears fell upon his hand, her lips touched it. She whispered brokenly her blessing, the blessing of one who owed to him more than her own life; and so, anointed for his work, as it were, by those holy tears and prayers, he went away.

The girls at the door saw his face in the moonlight, white yet radiant and tender. They ran in to their mother asking their childish questions—

"What made Mr. Thornycroft look so? What was he here for?"

"Father is not going away; Mr. Thornycroft is going in his stead. We shall keep father at home."

And then, woman-like, she fell to hugging them and crying over them; and just then John came back, and took the three all together in his strong arms.

It was one of the supreme moments of life which, whether of joy or grief, picture themselves to our minds and need no description.

Ash Thornycroft walked away with a firm tread. He turned aside when he came to the church, with the old burying-ground in its rear, full of grass-grown mounds. He went in there and knelt beside a grave on whose head-stone the name of Constance Ireton gleamed white and clearly cut in the moonlight.

"Oh, my darling, my darling!" he cried, with his lips pressed to the sod. If the dead could hear, that still heart beneath should have throbbed again to the accents of such love. Many a night had he talked to her there, as now, with a strange sense of nearness—a full belief in the communion of their souls.

"You are not here, I know, and yet I know you hear me. I am going away to-morrow, God's soldier and yours. Give me your blessing, Constance, and pray for me, you who have already seen the Father's face, that I may do my work without faltering, and the end may come soon."

It was but a dream of his own overwrought fancy; but he seemed to see a cloud draw near, from which a face looked—a white, sweet face, sad with waiting, yet glorified with immortal hope. He seemed to hear a voice, which said,

"Go forth, my beloved, and do your work. Soon will the struggle be over, and the reward is long and sure."

For an instant he seemed to see the smile upon her face, the look of faithful love in the immortal eyes. Then, when he stretched out his arms toward it, the cloud seemed to melt into the white moonlight; not even an echo of the voice thrilled the September air—he was alone with the night.

He went away next day to join his regiment, one which had already seen hard service. There was in him the mettle of a true soldier. His day might be short—he would be busy while it lasted. Besides, I think he liked his grim work. He was always to be found among the volunteers for any desperate service. In many a fierce charge he led the van, with his bright fair hair glittering goldenly in the sunlight, and a blue glint in his eyes. He was never wounded. Nothing happened to disable him from his duty. He had refused well-earned promotion, and once, when a true comrade who marched always at his side had asked him the reason why, he answered,

"Because I shall be here so little while."

"I thought you volunteered for three years. I had heard that you came in place of a nine-months' man, but that you chose to enlist for the longer time and join an old regiment."

There was no answer to the inquiring tone which made a question of this remark, and Steven Chase, who understood his comrade too well to press the point, was as much puzzled as ever.

He comprehended it all better the night before Fredericksburg. They sat together on a stone a little way from their tent. For a while both had been thinking silently of what the dawning was to bring.

"It will be a tough fight," Chase said, at length.

"You may well say so," Ash Thornycroft answered. "It is a terrible responsibility to assume, that of leading men to such certain destruction; and yet, if we can but win the victory! There is hardly a man but would be willing to sell his life for that. It is the only regret I have in going in, that I shall never know which side conquers."

"Nonsense, man, don't get blue after seeing as much blood spilt as you have, and coming out of so many hard bouts scathless!"

"It was not my time hitherto. It is now. I have had my call. But I'm not blue, never fear. I shall go into that fight more joyfully than ever tired child went home. I have only one wish. If you pull through alive take care of my body. I want to be buried at home, beside a grave that was made last March, in the Westville church-yard. You must send me to my father—David Thornycroft, Westville, Connecticut. Here it is written down for you. Papers that I left at home explaining my wishes will be sufficient for the rest."

His manner carried conviction with it, conviction at least of his own faith in his forewarning, but Steven Chase tried to shake it off.

"I never knew a presentiment to come true in my life," he said, sturdily. "You will talk over the battle with me twenty-four hours from now."

Thornycroft only smiled, as he said,

"Do you promise what I asked, Steven? Will you send my body to my father if it is within your power to protect it?"

"Yes; for your satisfaction I promise. I shall not bid you good-by, though."

They were toiling up the hill, that fatal afternoon of the next day, side by side, when suddenly Thornycroft looked round with kindling eyes to his comrade. He stretched out his hand with a smile which the other will never forget if he lives till his hair is white.

"Good-by, Steven!"

The next instant he fell heavily. A rebel shot had given him his mortal wound.

With exertions which would seem half incredible if I should relate them, Steven Chase succeeded in getting him off the field. He was not dead, and a hope still lurked in his true comrade's heart that he might yet live to tell at home the story of the war. He did not speak or move, but faithful Steven could feel the faint beating of his heart.

He did not die till after the troops had gone back across the Rappahannock. He belonged to a division which went into the fight six thousand strong, and went back at night with only fifteen hundred. He lay there with the wounded round him—the thin ranks out of which so many brave feet had marched forever. Just at dawning he looked up, and met his friend's eyes. He faltered, feebly,

"A defeat, Steven! I lived to know—victims, not conquerors." Then his face brightened with a strange radiance, and he whispered, so softly that his friend could scarcely catch the words—whispered as to some invisible auditor—

"Yes, my darling, yes!"

The next instant the faint heart-beat under Steven Chase's hand was still.

They have buried him, since then, beside the grave where he knelt in the moonlight the night before he went away. Only a foot of earth between the two who loved each other so dearly. Is there so much? Surely our dreams of the future are not all in vain. Surely somewhere, in the heaven which is "anchored off this world," where sickness and sorrow never come, and there are neither wars nor rumors of wars, somewhere in that still Land of Peace they are tasting the cup of joy which earth denied them.

John Morgan, and John Morgan's wife and children, will speak the name of Ash Thornycroft all their lives with such reverent tenderness as befits the memory of one who is enshrined in their hearts as saint and as deliverer. We know not yet for what good end he and those who fell with him laid down their lives—God grant that we may know hereafter—that the seed sown in tears we may reap with exceeding great joy.

MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.

WE publish on page 69 a view of MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE, now occupied by General Rosecrans, from a sketch by our special artist, Mr. F. Beard. The *Times* correspondent says of the place:

> Murfreesboro is a town which once contained some ten thousand inhabitants, is situated upon a level plain, has two colleges or seminaries—the Baptist Female Institute and the Soule Female College—and an academy for males, six churches, and one hotel.
>
> In the centre of the town is a public square, containing a very handsome court-house. Around this square are the principal business-houses of the place. The streets are wide, and contain many handsome residences. At present the place is entirely deserted by its former residents. It was always strongly rebel in sentiment, and the few citizens who were imbued with Union sentiments have been refugees from home since the retreat of Buell's army. During my stay not a store was open save those taken for the use of Commissary and Quarter-masters' stores. No citizens were upon the streets, nor a woman or child visible—every thing in and about the town is military.

The other picture on the same page illustrates a curious spectacle which met the eyes of our army as they advanced to Murfreesboro. This was a forest of chimneys, which had been erected by the rebels to keep their huts warm, and had been left standing when they decamped. Mr. Beard counted these chimneys by hundreds. They gave a funereal aspect to the place.

THE LOSS OF GALVESTON.

WE publish on pages 72 and 73 two illustrations of the FIGHT AT GALVESTON, TEXAS, on 1st January, from sketches by our special artist in the Gulf. One of them represents the

GUN-BOATS ENGAGED.

The *Herald* correspondent thus described this scene:

> When morning dawned signals were sent up from the flag-ship, which were responded to by all the gun-boats except the *Harriet Lane*, and now it was that the Commodore first discovered that she had fallen into the hands of the enemy.
>
> The light also revealed the position of the enemy's fleet, and his preparations for an attack from the shore with artillery and riflemen.
>
> It was now determined by the Commodore to retake the *Harriet Lane*, and he ordered the *Owasco* to round to and open fire. This gun-boat has an armament of one 11-inch and two 9-inch guns, and she opened with her heaviest.
>
> No sooner had she sent one of her shells than the rebels crowded our prisoners—some of them wounded and dying—upon the deck of the *Harriet Lane*. They then raised a flag of truce, and paroled and sent the acting master of the *Harriet Lane*, and her only surviving officer, on board the flag-ship, with a message to Commodore Renshaw to the effect that if another shot was fired upon the *Harriet Lane*, every Union prisoner would be instantly thrown overboard. In consequence of this message Commodore Renshaw ordered the firing to cease, and made no further attempt to recapture the vessel.
>
> The position of the enemy's fleet was at this time as follows: The two vessels which had accomplished the capture of the *Harriet Lane* were still lying near that vessel, swarming with sharp-shooters. Two more lay further off toward the bay, while the fifth held herself aloof at a considerable distance. This fifth vessel was reported to be the flag-ship, and, throughout the engagement, was said to have on board the precious carcass of General Magruder, whom the fortunes of war, since the outbreak of the rebellion, have carried from Yorktown to Galveston. But it is probable that General Magruder was on land.
>
> During the morning the enemy opened fire upon our vessels from the shore and the city, of which they were now in full possession. Their sharp-shooters, breaking open the houses along the shore, took possession, and fired from the windows, while the batteries which had been placed in position also opened. They were responded to by our gun-boats, and this mutual exchange of courtesies continued for some time without much effect upon either side.
>
> The rebels had placed two guns upon a point of land inside of and near the entrance to the harbor. The gun-boat *Clifton* was directed to silence these guns, and performed her work very handsomely. She fired first from her bow gun, then rounded and poured in a broadside; then turned and fired from her gun aft, then rounded again and delivered a broadside. This she did twice, when the enemy's guns were effectually silenced.
>
> TERRIBLE EXPLOSION—DEATH OF COMMODORE RENSHAW.
>
> The flagship *Westfield* was aground, and a little before ten o'clock in the forenoon the Commodore determined to burn her. The determination resulted in a terrible accident, which cost the Commodore his life. He covered the deck with turpentine, and made all necessary dispositions to insure her burning and had her set on fire. He then got into his boat, with Lieutenant Zimmermann, Chief Engineer William R. Green and two sailors, to proceed to another vessel. But the magazine had been left open, and scarcely had the Commodore and his comrades seated themselves in the boat when a terrible explosion occurred. The magazine, which was stored with ammunition, shells, etc., caught, and half the flagship and the Commodore's boat were scattered through the air in ten thousand fragments. Not one of the unfortunate men on board the vessel at the time or in the boat escaped instantaneous death. It is not known how many perished by this terrible explosion, but the number is estimated at ten to twenty officers and sailors. The explosion left the smoke-stacks standing and the vessel aft unharmed; but what remained was soon burned.
>
> Meantime the rebels were making formidable preparations on shore to prevent the escape of the vessels. They were seen to drag artillery with heavy mule teams to the point commanding the bar, and were busily engaged in planting their batteries and training their guns to prevent the exit of our ships. The transport *Mary Boardman*, which is rigged precisely like a gun-boat, was lying near the flag-ship at the time of the explosion, and the fate of the Commodore was known only on board this vessel. It was supposed on board the other vessels that the Commodore had gone on board this ship. They therefore signaled her, asking "What shall we do?" Major Burt, a volunteer aid-de-camp on the staff of Governor Hamilton, told the captain of the vessel that they had no signals with which to reply, but that there was one signal which they could make which he thought would be heeded. He proposed to sail at once, and the captain, agreeing to this, immediately started. This was taken as a signal of retreat, and the *Boardman* was followed by all the other vessels in our possession. The passage over the bar was exceedingly dangerous, and the vessels were near grounding hopelessly several times; but they all escaped before the enemy had trained his guns sufficiently to do them any harm in crossing. The transports, which had gone to carry supplies to the island, immediately put to sea and returned to this city, the gun-boats remaining behind.

The other picture represents

THE FIGHT ON SHORE,

where the gallant Colonel Burrill with the Massachusetts Forty-second was overpowered by the enemy. A prisoner describing the affair to the *Times* correspondent spoke in the highest terms of the conduct of the Forty-second Massachusetts. He says they were completely shut in at one end of the wharf, where there was no probability of escape or manœuvring, and that they fought with the most desperate bravery, although outnumbered at least ten to one. Several times they fairly stemmed the rebel torrent that was rushing down upon them, and the enemy were at last compelled to take them by the bayonet. How many of our gallant fellows were killed he does not say, but he knows that the survivors were taken prisoners to Houston, and that the rebels had twenty-five killed in the struggle.

CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

THE illustrations on page 76 will give the reader some idea of the position of affairs at Charleston, South Carolina, and of fortifications and places of which more may be heard in the course of a day or two. How our illustrations were obtained is a mystery which we do not at present propose to gratify rebel curiosity by revealing. Suffice it to say that, while the rebels have been very active in strengthening their works, our gallant officers have not been idle, and the South Carolinians will probably find, when the tug of battle comes, that we know more of the nature and position of their defenses than they imagine.

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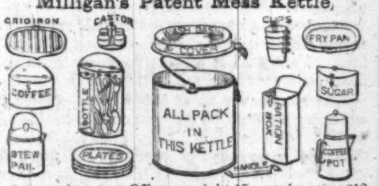

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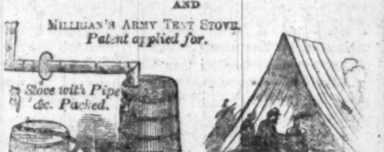
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